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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Parliament was prorogued on Friday until 15 January. Curiosity was felt as to how the delicate fact of the collision between the two Houses would be put in the King's Speech. The "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" are thanked for their liberality, and regret is expressed that "that provision has proved unavailing". But the future will make everything right. The new Parliament is to assemble, as Mr. Asquith has told us, "at such a time as to make it possible to provide retrospectively and prospectively for the needs of the current financial year". There is to be no chaos after all.

The hundred-and-ten ton gun may be obsolete in the Navy. It is not so in party politics. The Prime Minister had it out on Thursday, and fired it off. The report was so loud that all the windows in Westminster ought to have been broken. The Prime Minister had loaded it to the muzzle, as his opening shot proved: "Mr. Speaker Sir we are met in circumstances unexampled in the history of the British Parliament. When the Finance Bill left this House it represented in a greater degree than can be said of any measure of our time the pure, well-sifted and deliberate work of an overwhelming majority of the representatives of the people on a matter which by the custom of generations and by the course of practically unbroken authority is the province of this House and of this House alone." Eighty-four words with a solitary full-stop for breathing space! If Mr. Stead could produce something of this sort, we really should begin to think there was a good deal in Julia's talks with Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Balfour, in his reply to Mr. Asquith, put the Liberal passion for these abstract resolutions neatly—"they bind nobody, they help nobody, they hurt nobody; I doubt whether they encourage anybody; and I am sure they do not frighten anybody". Most of this is probably quite true, but one can

quite understand why such abstractions are favourite Liberal weapons—they cannot be snatched out of their hands by the House of Lords. Moreover, perhaps it is not very discreet to bring these resolutions into too much ridicule. We have heard a Chairman of Committees say the less Bills that pass the better, and it is certainly true that the less Liberal legislation there is the better. Hence these abstract resolutions may be regarded not unkindly.

On Tuesday night the House of Lords flung out the Budget by 350 votes to 75, and next morning in the City Consols showed "a slight upward tendency". Indeed, look where we will, we cannot see any sign of that grim and stern revolution which Lord Denman, Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, has promised us. Captain Hemphill, Chairman of the Political Committee of the National Liberal Club and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, seems to have failed his admirers: after his call to the people, they must have looked for at least a head or two on a pike by now. Yet the people are so very peaceful and orderly that it is not even necessary for the police to ask anybody to move on!

The debate in the House of Lords has in truth cleared away the absurd delusion that anything in the remote nature of a Revolution is in the air. Is it good policy for the House of Lords to stake its influence on flinging out a money bill? That is a question much more for actual political tacticians than for Revolutionists. Last week three of the four chief speeches—Lord Rosebery's, Lord Cromer's, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh's—were almost wholly devoted to this question; and this week again it has been very much the same, Lord Morley, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Courtney, Lord Curzon, and Lord Cawdor each handling in his own style the same theme.

What could one imagine more decorous and constitutional than the way in which the whole matter has been dealt with so far? If the Constitution really is going to die this time, it is being given plenty of opportunity to do so in the way that Lowe pleaded for—wrapping its toga about it in the most approved style.

Lord Curzon's speech stands out as by far the strongest in the second half of the debate. It is

doubtful whether it is not the best speech he has ever made, though perhaps his address on Empire at the Guildhall some years ago was rarer or more elaborate in thought. Lord Curzon has gifts of oratory, but his best gift, after all, is his manhood and spirit. That was his real addition to the debate. Before he spoke the peers had listened day after day to counsels of wily wisdom. Lord Rosebery, Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord James, Lord Courtney, Lord Morley, and Lord Crewe, counsel such as theirs well absorbed is enough to make of any young man—well, one is bound to say—a regular old woman. After many days with the Constitution-sticklers, it is a relief to find oneself in the company of an empire-builder.

Lord Curzon's confident and brilliant speech is the more valuable because everybody who knows anything whatever about him knows he is "a House of Commons man". Ignorant writers in Radical papers have an idea that Lord Curzon is a superior, splendid person who looks down from Viceregal heights on popular representation and so forth. Whereas in reality Lord Curzon has a passionate belief in this representation. We do not imagine this—we know it. We have heard him express it with all the impatience of sincerity. Mr. Balfour declares he is a House of Commons man; Lord St. Aldwyn is said to hold aloof from the Budget debate because he is at heart of the same persuasion; but Lord Curzon would go further than either of them in this matter. He would give the eldest son of a peer the power to stay in the House of Commons. Yet he does not hesitate a moment about speaking and voting for Lord Lansdowne's amendment; and one has not the faintest doubt that Pitt, Chatham and Canning would in a like case have done likewise.

Frankly, we are disappointed with the speech of the Archbishop of York. We got a good deal, but we expected more. Everyone knows that Dr. Lang has the voice and habit of an orator; so that goes without saying. But it is strange that this very remarkable man did not see that the opportunity for an ecclesiastic in the House of Lords is not to make an ordinary political speech. He might say, of course, if he pleased, that we were disappointed in his speech because he voted against our side. But we knew very well that Dr. Lang was a Liberal—or a cross between a Liberal and a Socialist—and would vote according to his sympathies. Quite right. Why not? But surely he should have told the House things that most peers were not in a way to know about, and not lecture them on "tacking" and resolutions. Any peer could do that as well as he. An archbishop is in the House as an archbishop, not as a peer. One digression, on the mind of the street-corner Socialist, was to the point; but he was soon back to his party politics. And really Dr. Lang's modesty was excessive.

Lord Denman made a terrific black list of the Dukes. The Duke of Rutland proposes the gagging of the whole Labour party. The Duke of Montrose would have Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill sit down to a chop and glass of ale with Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Snowden. The Duke of Beaufort would put Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill in the midst of twenty couple of dog hounds. The Duke of Montrose's plan sounds harsh. The Duke of Beaufort's plan seems terrible, but perhaps he, as a good hunting man, only wishes to see these two Ministers duly "blooded".

The debate ended with a quiet speech by Lord Crewe. He has grown into a distinctly good debater, though he is not biting or brilliant. When he says the House of Lords is resolving itself into a Committee of Public Safety, he strains analogy. That Committee was certainly a sinister body, and most of its members lost their heads; but at any rate it had the satisfaction of seeing most of the Constitutionists lose theirs first. And if we follow Lord Crewe aright, he and his friends are the Constitutionists in this drama.

Are the Lords, asked Lord Lovat, to be reduced to the ineffectiveness of a dog barking behind a carriage?

The question was not put in the Budget debate, but when the Lords' amendments on the Development Bill came back from the House of Commons. The Commons are in an ungracious and churlish temper with the Lords, and they have spitefully claimed privilege over the money grants in the Development Bill. Lord Lansdowne showed that they have usually waived their privilege in similar instances in the past. By insisting on treating the Development Bill as technically a money Bill, the Commons refused to consider important amendments of the Lords on their merits.

Lord Crewe did not deny that this was what had happened. The whole purpose of the Bill is to grant money to certain persons for roads and economic development. If the Lords are to have no say on these grants nor the persons to whom they are to be made, they cannot do anything with the Bill at all except pass it. If this is not "Commons' arrogance", in Mr. Asquith's phrase, what would be? Privileges such as these cannot be kept out of future discussions about the relations of the two Houses. The Lords did not insist on their amendments, but they entered a protest against the Commons' action on their Journals, and recorded that the Bill involved questions of policy in which both Houses are concerned, and with which the Lords have in the past been accustomed to deal.

The essence of the controversy between Lord Carrington and Mr. Prothero over the sale of the Duke of Bedford's Thornley estate is in two brief sentences from Mr. Prothero's letter in Monday's papers: "Lord Carrington prophesies that the future income derived from the sale of the estate will be £30,000. If this proves correct, his Grace receives nothing for the land and under 2 per cent. on the capital expenditure"—which has been £1,815,353 since the year 1816. Mr. Prothero's estimate, on Lord Carrington's own calculations, stands uncontradicted, so that, taking the estate as a whole, anything derived from it by Mr. Lloyd George's proposed taxation would have to be in substance a tax on invested capital.

In his reply next day Lord Carrington rested his case on the statement that the estate had actually been sold "for over three-quarters of a million sterling"; but £30,000 on this is only 4 per cent., leaving us still to seek the taxable "increment". That is as to the selling value, assuming Lord Carrington's three-quarters of a million to be right; but then this selling value, as shown by Mr. Prothero, is a trifle of £1,065,353 less than the capital actually expended on the estate. In other words, at the price received the Duke loses much over half the capital investment, and gets 4 per cent. on the remainder. Trying to justify increased taxation for an estate like this is a poor kind of occupation.

Only one serious cattle-drive appears to have followed the removal of the more objectionable proposals from the Land Bill by the Lords, though Mr. William Redmond declared that he "would not be responsible for East Clare". The "Western News", published in Galway, says that "the cattle-driving period inaugurated for the first of November has passed off rather quietly", and denounces the national policy of "organised crime", quoting Mr. Birrell to ask "whether 'Hell in Ireland' comes within the Ten Commandments". The same paper openly charges the Irish party with having supported "the colossal robbery of Ireland" proposed by the Budget. Such print is new to Galway. The Nationalist members had better look out when these symptoms develop at the very nerve centres of agrarianism.

Everyone will be pleased that Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson has been appointed to be First Sea Lord in succession to Sir John Fisher. There is certainly reason for national self-congratulation on the merits of the appointment—Sir Arthur Wilson is the one man, we should say,

whom the best men of all parties in the Navy—that we should have to speak of parties in the Navy!—would have hit on for the post. Also the nation may congratulate itself on the appointment, as much for what it supercedes as for what it brings. There is a chance now for the restoration of the old order and the good naval spirit.

Just when the members of our own Parliament are dispersing to the uttermost parts of the country, the German Reichstag meets to begin a new session. The German Emperor's Speech from the Throne to the assembling Reichstag precedes by only a few days the King's Speech to the dissolving Parliament. It coincided, indeed, with the decisive act of Tuesday, which was to set our members of Parliament scurrying. Last session in the Reichstag was occupied, as our Parliament was, with finance, and many domestic questions had to stand over. In the approaching session it would seem from the Speech that they are to be resumed as the principal business. The imperial insurance laws against sickness are to be extended, and life insurance introduced for the benefit of surviving relatives. The conditions of home work are to be regulated, and a Bill on Criminal Procedure to be re-introduced. In England the quarrels of the Montagus and Capulets will be too exciting for any useful work to be done.

King Manuel might or might not have enjoyed the sensation which King Pataud—to give this notorious vaurien his Paris nickname—arranged for him at the Opera. King Pataud, who once cut off all the electric supply in Paris, threatened to cut off the light at the Opera on the night King Manuel was there. The Bureau of the Opera were in the midst of a dispute with their electricians, and this was Pataud's method of bringing them to terms. It succeeded, and the light was not actually put out. Then King Pataud strolled along to a meeting where the other King, Jaurès, was discussing "Comment nous ferons la Révolution", and happened to be deriding the Pataud attempt at revolution by practical jokes. Pataud arrived at this critical moment and bragged about his latest exploit, and also lied about it, as he said the lights had been put out. M. Jaurès, still disapproving, asked "Will the Proletariat see any clearer because the King of Portugal has been left for two minutes without a light?" But Pataud is not the sort of man to worry about that.

The tunnel through the Andes is finished, and Valparaiso will soon be within reach of Buenos Ayres. Chile and Peru thus come into contact with Brazil and Argentina. The building of this railway is symbolic of a change in South American politics. Chile and Argentina, once so ready to be truculent, have worked together in a scheme that brings them closer. South America is beginning to hear and obey a call to unite. Should South America once feel itself a peculiar unit among the continents, a new competitor will come into the circle of Great Powers. All the straws are blowing the same way. Brazil and Argentina have just helped Chile to get her dispute settled with the United States, and have won something like a diplomatic victory.

And who is to settle this dispute?—His Majesty King Edward VII. Notice, too, that the boring of the tunnel was a triumph for British engineers. The omens are good. South America will have to face a serious question. Is she to come among us with a character and voice of her own, or is South America to be lost in America? We hope and hope again that the small voice will not be shouted down. Nor is there any reason why it should be, if Europe wakes up in time to the importance of South America and refuses to be frightened away by the loudness (and it will probably be very loud) of the Pan-American rally. There is no need for anybody to be frightened. Even the President of a republic in the middle of revolution can hold his own by refusing to be deafened. The United States

will probably let President Zelaya's Government die a natural death. True, by way of helping nature they have severed diplomatic relations. It was the least they could do after the tall talk, and it may or may not lead to war. But United States caution has been most marked.

Opportune object-lessons in the advantage of a tariff on the one hand, and of colonial preference on the other, have come this week from Canada and Australia. Canada has the power to retaliate, and is prepared to use it. Hence the Americans are officially advised to consider whether they should not postpone the imposition of the maximum tariff under the Payne Act till 1911 in order to escape border reprisals. The United States has to take into account the retaliatory powers of a colony, though she rides rough-shod over that colony's mother country. In tariff matters, as things British are now, the part is greater than the whole. Then Victoria, as the result of preference, is placing a large order for electrical appliances with England instead of Germany, notwithstanding Germany's lower tenders. The Canadian treaty with France has only been allowed to go through the Dominion Parliament without serious challenge because it can be cancelled at twelve months' notice, and so would not stand indefinitely in the way of reciprocal preference between Great Britain and the Dominion.

New South Wales, and Australia generally, is suffering so much from the coal strike that the public are ceasing to care who is to blame for it—the employers or the men. The one thing desired is that the parties should agree to a conference and to mediation. The Employers' Federation, the Government, and the public are agreed on forcing this mediation. The question is how and by what force it can be compelled; the Government threatens to use the Industrial Disputes Act, but 20,000 men cannot be forced to work or sent to prison. Anticipating failure, the suggestion is made that the Government should help the employers to obtain labour and force the opening of all mines and factories. The Government is just as helpless to do the one as the other; and the third proposal of the Labour party to nationalise the mines is as hopeless. It looks as if hunger alone will provide a solution.

In Mr. Dutt India has lost one of the best known of that group of visionary reformers who see her emancipated and governing herself under British protection. He gave a certain amount of respectability to a movement which he was not strong enough to keep under. His antagonism to foreign rule was softened by his twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service, where he was the first Indian to reach the responsible post of Divisional Commissioner. After his retirement Mr. Dutt began to criticise the Administration to which he had belonged. Unluckily he selected for attack the Land Revenue System, of which, like most Bengalis under the Permanent Settlement, he knew little. His agitation, however, proved useful in evoking the vindication of British methods with which Lord Curzon's name is associated.

Messrs. Cadburys' action for libel against the "Standard" raises a most peculiar and interesting question. Messrs. Cadburys since 1901 have bought through brokers cocoa which came to the English market from the Portuguese island of San Thomé, but did not themselves own any plantations in San Thomé. It was unfortunate for Messrs. Cadburys, with their religious and philanthropic reputation, that this cocoa is produced by what is practically slave labour. Last year the "Standard" pointed this out in severe terms, and asserted that Messrs. Cadburys had been indifferent and had done nothing to put an end to this state of slavery. This was the libel complained of, and Mr. W. A. Cadbury has himself given evidence and has had Sir Edward Grey as witness to show that in the special circumstances the

"Standard's" allegations ought not to have been made. One of the remarkable characteristics of the trial is the cross-examination by Sir Edward Carson, which suggests and presses many of the bitterest political and social and religious controversies between Liberals and Conservatives and Churchmen and Nonconformists of late years.

After all Bath Street is not safe. Most municipal corporations are Philistines; but the Corporation of Bath are more. They seem to be an assembly of Goliaths. One had thought that these enterprising tradesmen had been shamed by national public opinion out of their little scheme to pull down one of the most interesting streets of old Bath to make room for a modern "handsome and commodious structure". Messrs. Waring, who were to carry out the scheme, unlike their employers, had sensibility enough to draw back from the outrage. They wisely let the matter alone, and they have now no wish to put a defacing touch to a single pillar in Bath Street. But this does not suit the worthy Corporation at all. They see business for themselves in a new huge hotel. What is beauty to them? So they are forcing Messrs. Waring under legal threats to start demolition.

If Waring's should have the courage still to prove refractory, they would have public opinion everywhere and the sympathy of every really good citizen of Bath on their side. The Corporation is as wrong in its business judgment as in its taste. There are plenty of good hotels in Bath, and no one would choose the centre of the town, stifling, shut in, with no prospect, to stay at. But what Bath does want is the obvious eponymous thing—better baths and more. The Corporation's plan is to make a futile little addition to the baths, using up practically the whole space for a mammoth hotel. The right thing would be to use the whole space for baths. This would be doing something real to restore to this fine old city its lost fortunes.

The price of the modern novel is again to the fore. In the terrific battle which the "Times" waged against the publishers six shillings was declared to be exorbitant. It was said that eighty thousand words of fiction could be easily turned out at a profit for half that sum; the sale of four hundred odd copies at six shillings "covers"; and a novel that does not sell to that extent is not worth publishing at all. But here is Mr. De Morgan coming along with not eighty but two hundred thousand words, and Mr. Heinemann offering his work at the rate of five shillings per hundred thousand, which is substantially cheaper than the six shillings per eighty thousand rate. And yet the Libraries are not happy! Authors and publishers to-day seem to be the only class of people who have not the right to live.

The improper book, too, is getting a boom. Somebody is going to have a committee to taste the stuff beforehand, and decide whether it is too high for public consumption. Mrs. Grundy is to be up in arms, and she is to prod the authors of doubtful books with her gingham. But, alas! it is not only a question of some books to-day being too high—it is a question of books, high or low, to-day being far too many. A man who cannot write is yet often a prolific producer of printed matter in books and papers. If he has been somewhere, or knows something, or has thought of something, that is enough: the printing press is ready.

It is just as if an intelligent or well-informed man who admires a landscape or knows the features of a striking face were forthwith to get a box of colours and a camel's hair brush, and, without any idea of painting, proceed to make a daub and send it off to the public galleries and picture dealers, where it will be hung on the wall or in the window. Writing is not only an art, it is an extremely difficult art. Is it not a strange thing that to-day, when there is next to no chance for any writer in any province of print unless he can produce something uncommon, the multitude of undistinguished amateurs grows and grows?

BEFORE PHILIPPI.

"Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard."

AT last. Parliament has had its say, and the real action is about to begin. These preambles and preludes are rather trying. After a time they get on the nerves. Both sides know very well that the time for parleying is past; the issue must be fought out in the country, and can be settled nowhere else. So the sooner we get to business the better. We could say with young Octavius:

"Come, come, the cause of arguing makes us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops."

We do not mean by this that we are literally eager for our opponents' blood, neither are we predicting civil war; though there are issues involved in this controversy which in times past have been soluble only by force. In one sense it is so now; every general election is an appeal to force. Nobody believes because his side has lost that it was wrong, or was worsted in argument. Everybody whose side loses an election believes he was beaten by the brute force of ignorant numbers, and makes from it no sort of inference that success is anything else than what is meant by the success of a victorious army. True, the winning side does believe that righteousness has triumphed; so does every successful army. The real use of an election, as of war, is to find a way out of a seeming impasse. We all hope that way out found will be the best; but that an election is certain to do that, none of us, however enthusiastic a democrat, in the least believes. But it is something even to get to a settlement of any kind; to have done with these Homeric challenges before the battle.

Liberal leaders really seem to imagine that they will frighten, or at any rate greatly impress, us by their constant insistence on the extreme gravity of the occasion and the certainty that we are going out to our destruction. Pompous solemnity can go no further than the tragic warnings of Mr. Asquith and the awful denunciations of the Lord Chancellor. Evidently, as Lord Curzon wittily suggested, he thought he was sentencing the House of Lords and the whole Unionist party to death. All this concern of our opponents for our safety is rather absurd; it is in ill taste. We are not boys to be taught how to conduct ourselves. It is also very silly. Seeing that the thing they warn us against is the very thing they most want—our political ruin—are we likely to heed them? If they really believed we were choosing our battle ground so badly, and the time, they would be very silent indeed about it, for fear we might become aware of the position and change our plan. It is very clear to the Unionist leaders that the Government has been hoping by some means or another to put us off this fight. When the Archbishop of York suggests to us, with such kind thought for our interest, that it would be better tactics to pass the Budget, there is but one possible answer, "In vain is the net spread". One would have thought Dr. Lang would perceive the futility of talking in that way. The forebodings of the cross-bench men were different. These were really afraid. Constitutional timidity visibly depressed them. The Cassandra mind is naturally always in favour of not taking action, for in all action it always foresees ruin to the actor. Lord Courtney of Penwith, whose wisdom we greatly revere, could not have been more solemn on the verge of a hundred years' war. It is not strange that these great minds have no followers. Mark Tapley himself would not have had the heart to follow them. Lord Curzon blew away all this heavy atmosphere almost with a single breath. There was a man men could follow.

It may be fantastic to speak of a good conscience in connexion with politics, but we are very sure that the great mass of Unionists will be sensibly heartened to the fight by the feeling that we have met a straight issue in a straight way. We have nothing to apologise for, nothing to explain. We have not finessed; we have played the game. If the Lords had passed the Budget, when the election came we should have to

explain all over the country why they did. The only possible explanation would have been one of tactics, and we are confident that the non-party voter would have refused point blank to accept it. We should pay the penalty of excessive cleverness. That, if you will, would have been an unconstitutional course. The Lords may pass a Bill they do not approve because they believe the country demands it, but to pass a Bill they believe the country disapproves, that the country may feel the consequences, that is tactics you would never get any popular constituency to stand. To be accused of treating the Commons with bravado and insolence is nothing; we need not care a rap for talk of that sort; to be accused, and justly accused, of cowardice and double dealing would have been a charge we could not have repelled.

This issue of Government and Lords has, we all know, been gathering to a head these many years. That it has now come to a head is nothing to cry over. If we lose, defeat could not have been put off more than at most a few years; if we win, we shall have delivered the country from a standing menace. For this contest—we do not say this election—will settle things one way or another. Either we shall become in effect a single-Chamber country, or the right of the House of Lords to intervene between the House of Commons and the country will be vindicated finally. There will then be no more talk in our time of disestablishing the House of Lords.

In very rotund phrase Mr. Asquith's resolution makes the Lower House declare the Lords' rejection of the Budget a usurpation of the rights of the Commons. No doubt Liberals think this will be a capital catchword for electioneering purposes. They, or the more intelligent amongst them, are probably quite aware of its unreality. In constitutional form this is a contest between two estates of the realm. In fact it is nothing of the kind. It is a contest between Unionists and Liberals; nothing else. This very resolution a Conservative House of Commons would not pass: maybe after the election there will be a House of Commons that would straightway reverse this resolution. So far from this being a matter of Commons on one side and Lords on another, you could not form any idea, from the mere fact of a man being a commoner, whether he was against or in favour of the Lords' action on the Budget. In the old days of protest against Crown demands for supplies, it really was a matter of the Commons' resistance as Commons. But the House of Commons is as much divided on this question as on any other question; its view on it changes as quickly as on any other. It is unreal, too, to talk of the House of Commons now as a political entity, a political whole, at all. If it is, it is an extraordinarily feeble one; for it stultifies itself by flat self-contradiction almost periodically; it is always divided against itself; it takes no political action as a unit; it never acts independently of party leaders. In a certain social way, in a tradition of camaraderie, in a sense of the rules of the game, the House of Commons is a fact; the House has a mind and habit of its own; but politically the House of Commons is a fiction. The mere fact that it is always necessary to distinguish expressly between a Conservative and a Liberal House of Commons shows that: we see that the essential element is not the House of Commons but its Conservatism and its Liberalism. The House of Commons goes on: it is the continuing factor, but it has no effect in producing continuity of policy. In other words the House as a House is dead matter. It is important that the country should not be carried away by conventional phrases. We must see at this election that the electors realise what are the facts as distinct from the old forms which hide them. We can thus take the sting out of the Radical representation that the Lords are contending against the Commons.

If we thought the House of Lords' question would be an effectual red herring across the Budget, we should not be doubtful about this election. On the Lords we are perfectly satisfied that we can commend our case to the majority of the electors. Even if we were technically wrong from a constitutional point of view, we should not be very greatly afraid. We cannot at all agree with

the Archbishop of York that the man in the street cares for constitutional points. It would be difficult, indeed, for him to do so, seeing that, as the Archbishop himself insisted, he knows nothing at all about them. We are persuaded that if he knew more, he would care less. There is something almost pathetic in a man being so far away from facts as Lord James of Hereford, who builds a solemn argument on the motions of Black Rod, or as Lord Courtney of Penwith, who is deeply concerned because the sentence of the next King's Speech, which thanks "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" will have to be turned otherwise. This Radical ritualism is quite an interesting phenomenon. We hope Lord James and Lord Courtney will argue on these lines against the Lords on many a popular platform.

THE LORDS AND SUPPLY BILLS.

IT is now clear that the main issues before the country at the coming General Election will be three. First, has the House of Lords constitutionally discretion to reject a Budget? This is the question the House of Commons was occupied with on Thursday. Second, if the House of Lords has this discretion, has it used it rightly in rejecting this particular Budget? This becomes simply a discussion of the merits of the Budget. Those who like the Budget will judge that the Lords used their discretion wrongly in not passing it; those who dislike it will hold that they used it rightly. The point of pure tactics, whether the Lords—granted that the Budget is bad and that they have the constitutional right to throw it out—were wise in so doing can hardly come up for discussion on a platform. Third, if the Lords were right in rejecting the Government's plan for raising revenue, what is the alternative? The Liberal answer is, in effect, none; the Unionist answer is Tariff Reform. Thus the fiscal question becomes the third issue before the electorate. We believe these three questions contain the whole subject of immediate discussion. Others will be raised during the campaign—education, for instance, Home Rule, and Welsh Disestablishment—but they will not be dominant issues.

It is always wise to look first for points of agreement. We then have a starting-point of some kind, at any rate. This time we have it in the legal right of the Lords, which of course carries power, to amend or reject any and every bill sent up from the Commons. We have further agreement in the common admission that there is a difference between legal right and constitutional authority: that a House of Parliament, like the King, may have the legal right to do a thing, but constitutionally be not entitled to do it. It may be lawful but not convenient. And there is also agreement that in practice finance is mainly the business of the Commons. There is absolute agreement that at any rate the House of Lords cannot propose taxes and cannot impose them. These agreed points cleared out of the way, the issue is considerably narrowed. It would be simpler still, at any rate much more clearly grasped, had there been less loose thinking, or rather had there been any serious thinking, about the position of the two Houses as to finance amongst practical politicians of late years. We all knew that in fact the Lords did not concern themselves about Budgets, and we had come to expect the Government of the day to settle these matters in the Commons. Nothing occurred to make us examine the foundations of our belief. And we got into a loose way of speaking, which necessity is now checking. Mr. Balfour himself has used language allowing the House a control over finance which cannot be upheld on closer examination. Mr. Asquith on Thursday quoted words of Mr. Balfour which, we may be allowed to say, this Review took exception to at the time. In fact, we have more than once said that Mr. Balfour magnified the relative position of the House of Commons. On the other side Mr. Asquith has used words, quoted by Lord Cawdor on Tuesday, inconsistent with his present attitude. At first it was roundly claimed that constitutionally the Lords could not touch a money bill. Examination of the fundamental resolution of the House of Commons showed this view to be untenable, for the resolution im-

explicitly left the Lords discretion to reject, though not to amend, a money bill. Then it was said that this did not apply to the bill providing the year's supplies, but only to separate money bills. There is nothing, in fact, in the terms of the resolution to bear out that construction. Authorities, great authorities, can be cited on either side.

It is this uncertain and disputed point on which the country will now have to give its opinion. It is the first of the three dominant issues of the election. The country is more likely in our judgment to decide on grounds of expediency than constitutional precedent. And perhaps very wisely, nor even technically incorrectly. The very idea, and the actual history, of constitutionalism is elasticity, a working adjustment, dictated by the moment, of rigid law to changing situations. If you allow constitutional usage to become as binding and rigid as law itself, you defeat its very purpose and bring it to an end. If constitutionalism is to be as inelastic as law, far better make it law and get rid of the dual conflict. Precisely what has happened with equity and law. If we value constitutional as against legal process, we must not make it a law of the Medes and Persians. And Englishmen have never done this. Lord Morley, as able a spokesman as the Government have at all, admitted expressly that he could conceive a case where it would be the duty of the House of Lords to throw out a Budget. Lord Morley would never say that it could be the duty of the House of Lords to violate the constitution. Therefore he admits that the Lords might be acting constitutionally in throwing out a Budget, and this is all we contend for. Of course Lord Morley does not admit that the present Budget is one of the possible cases he had in mind—cases which would justify the Lords in rejection. But that is irrelevant to the constitutional issue. To say that the Lords are not justified in this case is one thing; to say that by constitutional usage they never can be justified is quite another. Lord Morley does not hold that by not using it the Lords have lost the right to reject a Budget. He does not therefore support Mr. Asquith's main contention.

No wonder. Practical necessity makes such a ruling impossible. Who cannot conceive Budgets that no sane man would say the Lords ought to pass? If the next Ministry were Conservative and Protectionist and sent up a Budget imposing a tariff as high as the American, how many Liberals would insist on the constitutional duty on the Lords to pass it? We give their party the credit of containing very few such fools. Or if a Budget were sent up dangerously starving the Army and Navy, would Lord Cromer and Lord Balfour hold that the Lords must pass it or violate the Constitution? To say so would be reducing the Constitution itself to an absurdity. Practical necessity settles the claim that the Lords cannot constitutionally reject a Budget; even apart from the most serious argument of all, that such a claim would leave the House of Commons, that is the Government of the day, which really means two or three men at most, absolute masters of the country.

THE GERMAN PROBLEM.

ON Tuesday the Emperor showed his confidence in the new Chancellor by opening the Reichstag in state. The ceremony was a reminder that the German Empire is a military monarchy. Most of the deputies were in uniform, and the Socialists protested against the established state of affairs by wearing civilian dress. The Chancellor himself wore the uniform of the Dragoon Guards, a regiment in which he has recently been promoted to the rank of major. On his appointment he was merely a lieutenant, but it was felt incongruous that the chief Minister of the Empire should take precedence of a junior captain, and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has therefore attained a rank worthy of his civilian status. Possibly he may yet rise in time to the high dignity of a colonelcy, a position actually won by his predecessor. The day, however, is still far distant when a Civil servant of the Crown will be regarded as in any way the peer of the commander of an Army Corps.

The speech from the throne was a document of great

caution. It contained a reference to the financial reforms of the past session which throws no light whatever on Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's future intentions. It touched on foreign affairs no further than was necessary; and it did not allude to naval policy. For the rest its contents were forecast with some accuracy. The House is asked to sanction a new commercial agreement with Portugal and to renew the old arrangement with Great Britain. Railway development in the African colonies is to be continued; and there is a short programme of domestic legislation.

This part of the speech provided the one surprise of the day. Last session there was laid before the House a proposal for the reform of criminal procedure. The outlines of the new scheme met with general approval, but much criticism was anticipated on the points of detail with which the Bill naturally bristled. It was accordingly postponed, and it was generally expected that it would occupy much of the Reichstag's time during the session just opened. The Bill, however, has been dropped and its place taken by a proposal to extend the system of workmen's insurance and in particular to provide for the maintenance of widows and orphans. The plan is one with a past. It dates from the new tariff of 1905. When Prince Buelow proposed to increase the corn tax, the Catholic Centre only gave its assent on the understanding that the proceeds should be set aside to form the nucleus of a widows' and orphans' fund. It was then enacted that 1910 should be the date when the fund should first be distributed. The revenue from the tax has been so small that it was confidently anticipated that the scheme would be postponed. But it is the German way to go ahead, and the plan will be elaborated this session as promised. Critics of the Empire's financial policy do not conceal their surprise, and pointedly ask where the money is to come from.

There is indeed some ground for their inquiry. The estimates just presented show an anticipated deficit of some £7,000,000 to be covered by loan. Technically, of course, there can be no deficit on the Imperial Budget. All outstanding amounts must be covered within three years by the so-called matricular contributions of the federated States. But the States have lately refused to pay the enormous sums demanded of them, and the financial reforms of last year fixed their contribution at forty pfennigs a head till 1914. Nothing more, then, can be got from this source; the new taxes, which, it may be observed, have nothing to do with the protective tariff, but are without exception acceptable to orthodox economists, have broken down very badly and are enormously unpopular; the tariff itself, still a productive source of revenue, is fixed by treaty for some years to come; and there is a heavy deficit destined to become heavier still. That is the situation confronting the new Chancellor, and as yet he has given no hint, by deed or word, how he hopes to deal with it.

This silence, characteristic of the man, is emphatic of the difficulty of his position. Prince Buelow's original scheme was undoubtedly popular. It failed to please the reactionary majority of the Reichstag, and Prince Buelow accepted the defeat and did not dissolve. To the English observer his failure to insist on a dissolution last June is most bewildering. It admits of only one explanation. Prince Buelow did not dissolve because he could not get a dissolution. For that purpose he required the assent of the Federal Council, and it appears absolutely certain that its assent was refused. The Council meets in secret, so that its decision can only be inferred, but its composition makes the inference conclusive. For the Council is composed of delegates from the Governments of the various States. These Governments were certainly hostile to the proposed death duties, as being a tax which met with the approval of the Socialists. Bavaria is the citadel of the Centre; Saxony has actually abolished universal suffrage; and the majority of the Conservatives and Clericals in the Prussian Diet is overwhelming. Prince Buelow was thus faced with the opposition of the chief minor States and of his own colleagues in the Prussian Government. It was this opposition which drove him to resign, and it was this

opposition which his successor was prepared to conciliate when he took office.

It must not be supposed that the German Empire is the theatre of a struggle between two Houses of Parliament. The Federal Council is not a House of Parliament in any real sense of the words. It is an assembly of delegates with no powers of their own who vote according to the instructions received from their respective Governments. Of these Governments Prussia is infinitely the most powerful. Her control of the votes of the smaller States assures her a majority; and, besides this, her sole veto is absolute. Prince Buelow's proposals were unacceptable to Prussia, and as long as the composition of the Prussian Diet remains unchanged there is no reasonable probability of their acceptance. Accordingly the actual question which is being put to the new Chancellor is not what he intends to propose in the matter of financial reform, but what he means to do in the matter of the Prussian franchise.

To a certain extent Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's hand has been forced. In the speech from the throne with which the Prussian Diet was opened after the last elections the King declared his "firm determination" to reform the Prussian franchise. How much did the words mean? Were they simply put into the Sovereign's mouth by Prince Buelow or is the strong phrase intended to represent William II.'s own convictions? And what does the new Chancellor intend to do? Up to the present no scheme has been introduced, and reform to-day will be infinitely harder to carry than it was a year ago. For reform would mean the eventual success of the new finance. The death duties actually proposed are moderate enough, but they are dangerous for what they imply. As in this country, so in Germany, the masses are being encouraged to join battle with the interests, and the interests very naturally defend themselves. Where the right lies is not the business of this article to consider. All that is pointed out here is that the Prussian Chamber, elected as it is by an electorate graded according to its wealth, is rightly regarded as the stronghold of the interests, and forms the central point round which the constitutional battle must rage.

The struggle which entered on a new phase with the rejection of Prince Buelow's proposals last year is, in itself, no novelty. It is simply another aspect of that rivalry between the central Government and the federated States which has been the main issue of German politics since the establishment of the Empire. How it will be decided no man can say, and the new Chancellor is hardly the type of Minister to push matters to a crisis. His bureaucratic temperament is inclined to acquiesce in things as they are. He succeeded Count Posadowsky, whose liberalising instincts were displeasing to the Junker party, and he became Chancellor when Prince Buelow fell a victim to the hostility of the same group. These facts go far to indicate his line of policy, but since his accession to the supreme office he has scrupulously refrained from committing himself. His sphinx-like silence is, indeed, in the greatest contrast to the affability of his predecessor, than who no man knew better how to talk much and say nothing.

To the English mind it would seem that the Chancellor occupies an impossible position, and is silent because there is nothing which he is competent to say. Here is a political problem of extreme complexity which it will require the highest statesmanship to solve. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is a bureaucrat, familiar with papers and routine, but necessarily ignorant of men. Such a man, it would appear, is obviously incapable of dealing with such an issue. The argument involves a subjective fallacy; it forgets that the German and the Englishman are creatures of a very different type. It is not an accident that the highest Ministerial posts in the German State are filled by men appointed from the bureaucracy and not from the Reichstag—a glaring contrast with the English system, which throws a striking light on the differences of temperament between the two nations. It is quite possible that the new Chancellor may turn out to be just the type of

man whom the German trusts. Moreover, it is easy to exaggerate the tensivity of the present situation. In England a struggle for the reform and extension of the franchise would probably dwarf every other issue. But the Germans are not a political people, or at any rate not yet, and though the Socialists may blaspheme, the Prussian electorate may long continue unreformed. Saxony could even abolish universal suffrage. In England a similar proposal might have produced a revolution.

But when all the necessary qualifications have been made, it must be admitted that affairs are developing in Germany, though the development may be slow. Sooner or later the financial problem must again be faced, and it cannot be faced without raising the question whether ultimate sovereignty resides with the Empire or with the States. That question takes the form of an alteration in the Prussian franchise, and it is in the Prussian Chamber that the future course of German history must be determined. How a reform for which there is a great and growing demand can be carried in the face of a hostile and suspicious majority is a question only to be answered by a man of genius, and in speculating as to Germany's future it must be borne in mind that the one man of genius who now figures in German public life is the Emperor.

THE CITY.

SO far there are no signs in the City of that financial chaos which was threatened if the Lords threw out the Budget. True the Bank rate has not been lowered as was hoped a week ago; but in the interval the position of that institution has unexpectedly weakened, and we need not go beyond the figures of the weekly return to find an explanation for the retention of the 5 per cent. quotation. The reserve is still high for a 5 per cent. rate, but it is materially below the total of a week ago, and if the directors then deemed it wise to postpone a reduction, it would have seemed very inconsistent to come down when the position was less strong. It is satisfactory to have Mr. Asquith's assurance that until fresh parliamentary provision can be made the necessities of State will be supported by resorting to borrowing powers conferred by the Appropriation Act. This apparently means that any deficiency will be met by the issue of Treasury bills—a course of procedure we have always urged as the only possible one in the circumstances. Lombard Street will readily provide money on this security, and we shall probably find the Continent anxious to buy the bills. The "bogey" of financial chaos may therefore be said to have been effectually laid, and while there promises to be a curtailment of business in the interval between the prorogation and the reassembling of Parliament, there is no reason to anticipate any further alarms on the score of finance. This is so much to the good of stock markets, which are already assuming a more cheerful aspect. Since the division in the House of Lords Consols have risen fully $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., thus recovering the whole of the dividend. This is scarcely a reflection of financial chaos; but we will not draw too fine an inference from the movement, as a recovery usually follows the deduction of the dividend. It cannot be denied, however, that the Stock Exchange supports the action of the House of Lords, and while it is not prepared yet awhile to engineer a rise in prices, it is already looking with more favour upon home securities, in the belief that the socialistic policy of the Government has been "scotched" once and for all time. A reduction in the Bank rate would probably do much to stimulate this feeling, and as it is the policy of the directors to assist the Government of the day, as far as possible, in making its financial arrangements, we may be sure that a movement will not be delayed longer than is absolutely necessary.

The special weakness of Kaffirs on Wednesday was attributed to many causes. One of the principal reasons was the selling of shares taken over at the last settlement from a defaulting broker. The holders tried to realise, and the market being unwilling to take the

shares, prices were forced down quite out of proportion to the number offered. When the selling ceased there was a sharp recovery, but it is evident, as we have repeatedly pointed out, that the market is in a very weak state, and that any return of a "boom" is quite out of the question at the moment. Activity in Argentine railway stocks has continued, and Buenos Ayres and Pacific stock has this week "marked" 93, at which it may be left to rest for a while. Buying of foreign Government securities continues, but a nasty reminder of the uncertainties of investing too deeply in South and Central American Bonds is furnished by the slump in Colombian, concerning which there is talk of a possible default in the January coupon. A bad effect would be produced on the whole market if there was to be a lapse in Colombian honesty. It is the uncertainty and doubt as to the maintenance of credit that has always kept down South and Central American bonds well below the level of home and Colonial Government securities; and now when so much enthusiasm is being shown for such investments it may not be out of place to suggest a little more discrimination in purchasing.

The expected fall in the price of rubber has taken place, and rubber shares have had a sympathetic movement. We do not anticipate much further reduction, but there need be no hurry to repurchase shares sold in anticipation. Considerable attention has been given to the shares of the Associated Portland Cement Company during the week. On vague and undefined rumours the price of these has had quite a big rise, but the best figure has not been maintained, and careful inquiry in well-informed quarters fails to elicit any adequate reason for the appreciation. The proposed amalgamation of the Law Life and Phoenix Assurance Companies is only a sign of the times, and it is surprising that the moment should be chosen to float several new insurance companies. Capital provided for these new ventures is merely fostering a gamble in which the promoters stand to lose nothing and the public all.

INSURANCE: POLICIES AT HIGH PREMIUMS. VII.

ONE characteristic of policies effected at high rates of premium is that, other things being equal, a larger proportion of each premium paid is accumulated as savings, and a smaller proportion is applied for protection purposes, than under forms of assurance which call for low rates of premium. This consideration has a direct effect upon the surrender values of the policies. When much out of each premium is saved, large surrender values can be given; while when the bulk of each premium is required to pay for protection the surrender value is of necessity small.

It thus appears that the conditions of policies in regard to the terms upon which they can be surrendered are of even greater importance in connexion with policies at high rates of premium than under policies at low premiums. A difference of 20 per cent. between the cash surrender values of a good and a bad office may not amount to a large sum under whole-life policies; but it becomes very appreciable under limited-payment life policies and endowment assurances, which in any case call for substantial surrender values. Moreover, policies at high premiums are more apt to be regarded as investments than the less expensive forms, and, being looked at in this way, there is a greater chance of their being surrendered, or of being used as security for a temporary or permanent loan; hence from every point of view it becomes important to consider conditions of this kind. Taking, for example, policies effected in two different companies on the twenty-payment life plan at a premium of £100 a year we find that while one office guarantees a surrender value at the end of ten years of £655, another gives only £335; at the end of fifteen years the terms are £1058, as against £500; and at the end of twenty years £1530, as compared with £670. In both cases the cash value of bonuses not previously drawn is added to the sur-

render values, and the bonuses are larger and the terms for commutation more generous in the office which is the more liberal in the matter of surrender values. It is quite foolish if a man can take a better policy in a safer office, which would have a guaranteed cash value of more than £1000 at the end of fifteen years, for him to take a less good policy from an inferior company, which at the same cost, and at the same date, will be worth only £500.

All policies which have acquired a surrender value constitute good security for loans, which, if the policy is not assigned, can be obtained from the life office with the utmost promptitude; the amount of the loan obtainable depends upon the surrender value; but while some offices lend money in this way at 5 per cent. interest, other companies are satisfied with 4 per cent., and—especially if the loan remains unpaid for a long time and the interest upon it accumulates as a debt upon the policy—the difference between interest at 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. amounts to a considerable sum.

The surrender of a policy for cash is not the only way in which it can be dealt with. A policyholder can cease paying premiums and take a paid-up policy for a reduced amount, which becomes a claim in the same circumstances as the original assurance. When whole-life or limited-payment life policies are surrendered in this way the reduced sum assured is paid at death, and in the case of endowment assurances it is paid on reaching the endowment age or at death if previous. This is the usual, but not the necessary, practice, since if desired endowment assurance can be surrendered for a paid-up policy payable at death, and a whole-life policy can be exchanged for paid-up endowment assurance for a smaller amount.

If the paid-up policy acquired by surrender is of the same character as the original assurance, the general plan among life offices, when the surrendered policy was subject to a limited number of premiums, is to grant paid-up assurance for a sum that bears the same proportion to the sum assured under the original policy as the number of premiums actually paid bears to the maximum number of premiums payable. Thus if the original policy was twenty-year endowment assurance or a twenty-payment life policy, and ten premiums out of the twenty have been paid, the new policy, which calls for no further premiums, will be for ten-twentieths of the original sum assured. Almost invariably any bonuses declared on the original policy and not previously taken in cash or in reduction of premium, will be added in full to the paid-up policy. At this point the practice of life offices varies, some companies giving future profits to paid-up policies of this kind, and some offices allowing no further participation in surplus. How great a difference this variation in practice may make to the policyholder we must explain in a subsequent article.

BEETHOVEN—TREE.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is one of the minor tragedies of family life that the world will never know Mr. Max Beerbohm's true opinion of his illustrious relative. Does his mind maintain from Sir Herbert that remote and airy detachment which keeps his opinion of other men so fresh and independent; or is he moved by family pride to descend from his pinnacle and identify himself with the performer, rejoicing at his triumphs, weeping at his failures? I have given much secret thought to this problem; and at His Majesty's Theatre on Thursday week, in the watches of the entr'actes, I meditated long and deeply upon it, with no more fruitful result than the development of a suspicion that at the bottom of what takes the place of a heart in his anatomy, Mr. Max Beerbohm is a grovelling admirer of the great man; that with the rest of us he bows himself down in the house of Rimmon, submits to the spell of a personality, and reads over the portals of His Majesty's, "Abandon criticism, all ye who enter here". Is it really so? Would he, if his lips were unsealed, speak like others in derision, but privately admire and

wonder? Does he sit in the stalls of His Majesty's, sucking the knob of his cane, round-eyed at the pageantry, his ears absorbing the luscious rhetoric, and secretly resolving that he too, in the privacy of his chamber, will practise to hold his limbs just so, and in just such tones of level melancholy will mutter

"Not all the watah in the wrough, wrude sea
Can wash the balm from my anointed head?"

Is it really so? I cannot tell; I am not (as he would say) privy to his thoughts; I can only wonder if even he escapes the common fate.

For Sir Herbert Tree is not so much an actor in the ordinary sense of the word as an arch-personality, a sensation, a spectacle, a great master of the art of importing his own individuality into various and splendid scenes and illustrating them by its light. His medium is less that of intellect than that of vision and illusion—or so at least has it always appeared to me. How often have I too not sat, expectant and wondering, at His Majesty's, watching the changing lights and colours and movements of some great spectacle, lost in the splendours of the Orient or the noble barbarities of the ancient world; and at length, when the sense of incompleteness has grown upon me sufficiently, whispered to my neighbour (fair or otherwise as the case may be), "When does Tree come on?" And how often have I not thrilled, with the rest of the house, at that pause in the action, that opening in the serried ranks of the crowded stage, that hush of expectation which heralds the witching moment; and finally heaved a sigh of relief when, with nicely calculated effect, the centre entrance of the great man has been achieved. The slightly dragging gait, the rolling eyes, the snap of the fingers, the rapid monotonous enunciation with its long vowels and consonant elisions, the air of doing everything casually and naturally but yet with the inimitable stamp of personality—they are all part of a kind of entertainment which cannot be identified with any of the classified forms of drama, but which Sir Herbert Tree has made greatly and successfully his own. Custom does not in the least wither it; his sound is gone out far beyond the circles from which his audiences are drawn; and in the remotest suburbs of the remotest provinces there are young men who have never set eyes on Sir Herbert, but whose claim to social accomplishment rests chiefly on their ability to say, rapidly and gloomily, in reply to an imaginary young lady proposing to begin her stage career by playing the part of Juliet: "Don't bang the doah after you when you go out".

I have said all this chiefly by way of confession, and to read myself and those who think like me a lesson in the injustice of believing that anything new is impossible in a familiar art. I went to hear Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Beethoven" with feelings of frank apprehension. I knew that there was nothing in the known facts of Beethoven's life to make a play about, and that the thing must therefore resolve itself into a mere exhibition of a more or less realistic Beethoven in unholy alliance with the powerful but extremely different personality of Sir Herbert Tree. And at the actual performance my sensations were of so various and acute kinds that I find it very hard to give an accurate record of them. Theoretically there is nothing to be said in justification of putting what amounts to an effigy of a dead great composer on the stage and using his personality and all the emotional aids which his immortal music can render in order to exhibit and glorify the art of an actor. It is likely that I am hypersensitive on the subject of Beethoven, and my view is certainly not representative of the public view; I should be sorry if it were, since the public is not trained to discriminate, and I am; but it is only fair to say that in actual fact the performance is much less an outrage on the feelings than anyone holding my views would probably expect. And this is almost entirely due to the extraordinary fineness of Sir Herbert Tree's impersonation. He deliberately laid aside his own personality in a way in which I certainly have never seen him do before. His "make-up" was, of course, magnificent, and far too much of his success

has been attributed to it; his one or two trifling momentary lapses from the character showed to what a very great extent it was an intellectual make-up, which went much deeper than the paint and the powder and the clothes and the wig. In fact it was a completely successful feat of mental transference: Sir Herbert ceased to be Sir Herbert and became the Beethoven of his own imagination.

That it should have been the Beethoven of my imagination or anyone else's would have been too much to expect; but in no way did it shock me, nor did I ever find it an impossible thing to believe that Beethoven might have looked, behaved, spoken, and been like that. But I think that the great artistic absurdity (I use the word quite technically and respectfully) of a performance like this is that it emphasises and brings to light the dead part of a man who is fully and spiritually alive through his music. Of all the things in which men exist here after their physical death there is nothing more living than thought and music; and music being at once a more physical and apparent thing than thought, and a thing more capable of definite personal association with an individual, a musician is really always with us so long as his music is played. When I shut my eyes and hear Beethoven's music it never occurs to me that he is not a contemporary with me in life; but when I open my eyes and see an effigy of the man walking about the stage I have an odd sense of anachronism, and I suddenly realise that Beethoven has been dead a long while. It is an unpleasant, mortuary illusion; the incorruptible has put on corruption, and the immortal has put on mortality; one feels that one has been assisting at a resurrection of the earthly body—than which nothing could be more unpleasant, or, with the spirit soaring about you on its wings of sound, more unnecessary.

The entertainment as arranged by Messieurs René Fauchois and Louis N. Parker is quite effective, and only touches the absurd in the apparition and speeches of the embodied nine symphonies. The music, arranged by Mr. Landon Ronald and performed by an admirable orchestra and chorus, is provided for with a care and expensiveness which is as praiseworthy as it is unusual. I can imagine the whole thing being deeply, overwhelmingly impressive to a certain kind of temperament in which music induces deeply sentimental and emotional moods. And I think it is completely a triumph for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. . . . But I do wonder what Max would have said.

AT DALMARY.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE road led out upon an open moor, on which heather and wiry grass strove for the mastery. Here and there mossy patches, on which waved cotton grass, broke the grey surface of the stony waste, and here and there tufts of dwarf willow, showing the silvery backs of their grey leaves, rustled and bent before the wind.

The road, one of those ancient trails on which cattle and ponies were driven in old times down to the Lowland trysts, was now half covered up with grass. It struggled through the moor as if it chose to do so of its own accord, now twisting, for no apparent reason, and again going directly up a hill, just as the ponies and the kyloes must have straggled before the drovers' dogs. It crossed a shallow ford, in which the dark brown, moorland trout darted from stone to stone when the shadow of a passer-by startled them as they poised, their heads up stream, keeping themselves suspended, as it were, by an occasional wavering motion of their tails, just as a hawk hangs hovering in the air.

Beside the stream, a decaying wooden bridge, high pitched and shaky, reminded one that in the winter, the burn, now singing its metallic little song between the stones, brown and pellucid, with bubbles of white foam floating upon its tiny linns or racing down the stream, checking a little in an eddy, where a tuft of heavy ragweed dipped into the flood, was dangerous to cross.

The aromatic scent of the sweet gale came down the breeze, mixed with the acrid smoke of peats. Hair-bells danced in the gentle breeze, and bumble bees hummed noisily as they emerged, weighed down with honey, from the ling.

Across the moor, from farms and shielings, and from the grey and straggling village built on each side of the rough street, in which the living rock cropped up and ran in reefs across the road, came groups of men dressed in black clothes, creased and ill-fitting, with hats, grown brown with years of church-going and with following funerals in the rain; they walked along as if they missed the familiar spade or plough handle to keep them straight, just as a sailor walks uneasily ashore.

As they trudged on they looked professionally on the standing crops, or passed their criticisms on the cattle in the fields. Root crops, they thought, were back, tatoes not just exactly right, a thocht short in the shaws, and every cow, a wee bit heigh abune the tail, for praise was just as difficult a thing for them to give as blame was easy, for they were all aware their God was jealous, and it did not befit them to appear more generous than He. Hills towered and barred the north, and to the south the moors stretched till they met another range of hills, and all the space between them was filled with a great sea of moss, eyed here and there with dark, black pools on which a growth of water-lilies floated like fairies' boats. A wooded hill, which sloped down to a brawling river, was the fairies' court. Another to the south, steep, rising from the moss, the Hill of the Crown received its name, back in the times of Fingal and of Bran. Gaps in the hills showed where, in times gone by, marauders from the north had come to harry and to slay. The names of every hill, lake, wood, or stream were Gaelic, and the whole country exhaled an air of a romantic past.

In it, the dour, black-coated men, although they thought themselves as much a part and parcel of the land as the grey rocks upon the moor, were strangers; holding their property but on sufrance from the old owners who had named every stone, and left their impress even in the air.

It seemed the actual dwellers acted, as it were, a play, a sort of rough and clownish interlude, upon a stage set out for actors whom the surroundings would have graced.

Still, though they shared the land, just as we all do, by favour of the dead, they had set their mark upon it, running their rough stone walls across the moors, and to the topmost ridges of the hills, planting their four-square, slate-roofed houses in places where a thatched and whitewashed cottage, with red *tropeolum* growing on the corner of the byre, a plant of mullein springing from a crevice in the wall, and flaughtered seals pegged to the thatch with birchen crockets, or kept down with stones, would have looked just as fitting, as theirs looked out of place. A land in which the older dwellers had replaced the nymphs and hamadryads by the fairies, where, in the soft and ceaseless rain, the landscape wore a look of sadness, that the mist, creeping up on the shoulders of the hills, at times turned menacing, was now delivered over to a race of men who knew no shadows, either in life or in belief. If they believed, they held each letter of "The Book" inspired and would have burned the man who sought to change a comma to a semicolon, and if they had rejected faith as an incumbrance they could do without, denied the very possibility of any god or power but mathematics, holding the world a mere gigantic counting-house in which they sat enthroned. The moaning birches and dark murmuring pines, the shaggy thickets by the streams, and the green hummocks under which tradition held Pictish or Celtic chiefs reposed, the embosomed corries over which the shadows ran, as imperceptibly as lizards run upon a wall, turning the brown hillside to gold, which melted into green as it ran on, until it faded into a pale amethyst, faint and impalpable as is a colour in a dream, seemed to demand a race of men more fitted to its moods than those who walked along the road chatting about the crops. Still it may be that though the outward visible sign was so repellent, the

unexpected and interior softness of the black-clothed and tall-hatted men was bred in them by their surroundings, for certainly their hard, material lives, and their black, narrow, anti-human faith could not have given it.

The road led on until on the south side of it a path, worn in the heather and the wiry grass, and winding in and out between the hillocks, crossed here and there by bands of rocks, outcropping, but smoothed down on the edge by the feet of centuries, broke off, not at right angles after the fashion of a modern road, but on the slant, just as a herd of driven animals slants off, stopping at intervals to graze.

The knots of black-clothed men, some followed by their dogs, slowly converged upon the path, and stood a minute talking, passing the time of day, exchanging bits of news and gossip in subdued voices, and mopping vigorously at their brows, oppressed with the unwonted weight of their tall hats.

"We've had a braw back end, McKerrachar", Borland remarked. The worthy he addressed, a gaunt, cadaverous man, so deeply wrinkled that you could fancy in wet weather the rain down the channels in his face, spat in contemplative fashion, rejoining in a non-committal way:

"No just sae bad . . . markets are back a wee." A nod of assent went round the group, and then another interjected:

"I dinna mind sae braw a back end for mony a year; aye, ou aye, I'll no deny markets are very conseederably back."

Having thus magnified his fellow, after the fashion of the stars, he looked a moment with apparent interest at his hat, which he held in his hand, and ventured the remark:

"A sair blow to the widow, Andra's death; he was a good man to her."

No one answering him, he qualified what he had said by adding:

"Aye, sort of middlin'", and glanced round warily, to see if he had overstepped the bounds by the too indiscriminating nature of his praise.

The house towards which the various knots of men were all converging stood at the foot of a green, grassy mound, which looked as if it might have been the tumulus of some prehistoric chief. On it grew several wind-bent ash trees, and within twenty yards or so of the front door of the grey cottage, with its low thatched eaves, there ran a little burn. Two or three mulleins, with flowers still clinging to their dying stalks, on which they stuck like vegetable warts, sprung from the crevices between the stones of the rough byre. A plant or two of ragweed grew on the midden on which a hen was scratching, and out of it a green and oozy rivulet of slush filtered down to the stream. On one side was a garden, without a flower and with a growth of straggling cabbage, gooseberry bushes, and some neglected-looking raspberry canes, as the sole ornaments. In the potato patch a broken spade was stuck into the ground. All round the house some straggling plum trees, with their sour fruit half ripened and their leaves already turning brown, looking as if they had fought hard for life against the blast in the poor, stony soil, gave a peculiar air of desolation, imparting to the place a look as of an oasis just as unfruitful as the waste which stretched on every side. On one side of the door, but drawn a little on the grass, not to obstruct the way, there stood a cart, with a tall, white-faced and white-pasterned horse between the shafts, held by a little boy. Peat smoke curled lazily out of the barrel stuck into the thatch that served as chimney, and cocks and hens scratched in the mud before the door, bees hummed amongst the heather, and once again the groups of men in black struck a discordant note.

Inside the house, upon four wooden chairs was set the coffin of the dead ploughman, cheap and made in haste, just as his life had been lived cheaply and in haste, from the first day that he had stood between the stils, until the evening when he had loosed his horses from the plough for the last time, his furrow finished and his cheek no more to be exposed to the November

rain. Now in the roughly put-together kist he lay, his toil-worn hands crossed on his breast, and with his wrinkled, weather-beaten face, turned waxen and ennobled, set in its frame of wiry whisker, and his scant hair decently brushed forward on his brow. The peats burned brightly in the grate and sent out a white ash which covered everything inside the house, whitening the clothes of the black-coated men who stood about, munching great hunks of cake and slowly swallowing down the "speerits" which the afflicted widow pressed upon them, proud through her tears to say "Tak' it up, Borland", or "It will no hurt ye, Knockinshanock; ye ken there's plenty more".

The white peat ash fell on the coffin lid just as the summer's dust had fallen upon the hair of him who lay inside, and lay upon the polished surface of the thin brass plate, on which were superscribed the dates of the birth and of the death of the deceased, his only titles to the recollection of the race with whom his life had passed. Now and again the widow, snatching a moment from her hospitable cares, brushed off the dust abstractedly with her pocket-handkerchief, just as a man might stop upon the way to execution, to put a chair straight or do any of the trifling actions of which life is composed. As she paused by the coffin the assembled men exchanged that furtive look of sympathy which in the North is the equivalent of the wild wailings, tears and self-abandonment of Southern folk, and perhaps stamps on the heart of the half-shamefaced sympathiser even a deeper line.

When all had drunk their "speerits" and drawn the backs of their rough hands across their mouths and shaken off the crumbs from their black clothes, the minister stood forth. Closing his eyes, he launched into his prayer with needless repetition, but with the feeling which the poor surroundings and the brave struggle against outward grief of the woman sitting by the fire in the old high-backed chair, in which her husband had sat so long, evoked, he dwelt upon man's passage through the world.

Life was a breath, only a little dust, a shadow on the hills. It had pleased the Lord, for reasons of His Own, inscrutable, but against which 'twere impious to rebel, for a brief space to breathe life into the nostrils of this our brother, and here he made a motion of his hand towards the "kist", then to remove him to a better sphere after a spell of toil and trouble here on earth. Still we must not repine, as do the heathen, who gash themselves with knives, having no hope, whereas we who enjoy the blessings of being born to a sure faith in everlasting bliss should look on death as but a preparation for a better life. No doubt this hope consoled the speaker for all the ills humanity endures, for he proceeded to invoke a blessing on the widow, and as he prayed the rain beat on the narrow, bull's-eye window panes. He called upon the Lord to bless her in her basket and her store, and to be with her in her outgoings and incomings, to strengthen her and send her resignation to His will. He finished with the defiance to humanity that must have wrung so many tears of blood from countless hearts, saying the Lord had given and that the Lord had taken, blessed be His Name.

All having thus been done that all our ingenuity can think of on such occasions, four stalwart neighbours, holding their hats in their left hands, hoisted the coffin on to their right shoulders and shuffled to the door. They stooped to let their burden pass beneath the eaves which overhung the entrance, and then emerging, dazed, into the light, their black clothes dusted over with the white ashes from the fire, set down the coffin on the cart. Once more the men gathered into a circle and listened to a prayer, some with their heads bare to the rain, and others with their hats held on the slant to fend it off as it came swirling down the blast. A workman in his ordinary clothes took the tall white-faced horse close by the bit, and, with a jolt which made the kist shift up against the backboard, the cart set out, swaying amongst the ruts, with now and then a wheel running up high upon one side and now and then a jerk upon the trace-hooks, when the horse, cold with his long wait, strained wildly on the chains. The rain had blotted out the hills, the distant village with its rival

kirks had disappeared, and the grey sky appeared to touch the surface of the moor. A whitish dew hung on the grass and made the seeded plants appear gigantic in the gloom. Nothing was to be heard except the roaring of the burn and the sharp ringing of the high caulkins of the horse as he struck fire amongst the stones on the steep, rocky road.

Leaning against the doorpost, the widow stood and gazed after the vanishing procession till it had disappeared into the mist, her tears, which she had fought so bravely to keep back, now running down her face.

When the last sound of the cart-wheels and of the horse's feet amongst the stones had vanished into the thick air, she turned away and, sitting down before the fire, began mechanically to smoor the peats and tidy up the hearth.

THE "WASPS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

TO the gallery and the stalls, to statesmen, critics, poets, Aristophanes makes separate appeal elsewhere. In the "Wasps" he asks applause from mankind in the bulk, from whole audiences of his own time and whole audiences of later days. And he has the applause he asks. Yet of necessity the pleasures of the "Wasps", spread as they are broadcast, come in less quantity to all than do those of the "Clouds" to a special few, and not many would pronounce the "Wasps" their favourite of the eleven plays. But no Athenian comedy that survives loses less by production on a foreign stage. Something less than Athenian brilliancy can grasp its humour in the bulk, and its fun is not too broad for the self-conscious propriety of these days. No such sudden lyric sweetness as startles the ludicrous Hades of the "Frogs" foredooms the chorus of the "Wasps" to failure; the plot all ages and places can understand, and of local and lost allusions there is a minimum. And all comedies of action gain when materialised upon the stage. There is a very great joy in seeing a solid Philocleon perform real absurdities among living folk. A probable, practical chimney pot with the old man's head coming out of the top is very much funnier than the imagined one that must serve the liveliest reader's turn, and the amateur donkey led out for sale with the guileful old dicast clinging beneath is vastly better than any beast that fancy unaided can construct. It is action too that fills the gaps and completes such splendidly ludicrous scenes as Philocleon's trial of his thieving dog. The household dog has embezzled a cheese, and the old judge, balked of a real prey, arraigns and would condemn the beast, but votes his acquittal by mistake. This is all delightful to read of course, but, if acted well, it is very much better to see on the stage. And the acting at Cambridge was very good. Bdelycleon, the old man's son, who cures him of "Lawcourtitis" and keeps him amused when he feels the loss, was a very delightful young Athenian, more Greek than any in the play, soft-voiced yet clear and vigorous, tall and pleasant and spirited, combining the comic abandonment with no small charm and dignity. But the dear old father was best of all. Whether querulous, tearful, furious, whether dignified, shameless, riotous, in every mood and moment he was Philocleon himself. And when son and father held the stage then the "Wasps" seemed in very deed the "Wasps". In some smaller parts too there was much good comedy. Clever and nearly vulgar enough was Sosias the slave, and the two halves of the delightful Ass became lively if not very lifelike dogs. The Baking Girl was a triumph of paint, and raged as to the manner born, while the Kitchen Utensils, if rather large, succeeded at least in looking their parts. So there was much material for five wild nights of the real Athenian Old Comedy. But much of each night was far from wild, and some went heavily as a funeral goes.

Dr. Vaughan Williams' music at some points comes as near as the limits of its aim permit to congruity with the spirit of the play. But often it falls far short of that. When the chorus has a light lyric piece to sing (there is one such in preface to the Parabasis),

slow, gloomy thunders often overwhelm the grace and airiness and smiling pathos that are the beauty of the Greek. And it is a grave error to add anything to that great Parabasis, to break the heavy swinging strength of the long tetrameter lines with elaborate battle-music and a tasteless pantomimic drill. Between those very verses which tell of the fight at Marathon, how under the cloud of arrows the night-bird, the owl of Athens, could show itself as omen of the gods' goodwill—Dr. Verrall's touch has made that picture clear—between the verses, disconnecting them, Dr. Williams inserts his posings and wheelings and parades till it seems that before each line is heard we must watch a weary chorus sombrely dance the Lancers through. And that last gorgeous riot in the final scene moves very, very lifelessly, with only half the gallop and swing that even in reading it seems to have. Philocleon gloriously drunk imparts to it all the vigour he can, but for all his efforts it is slow and dull. The chorus is too sedate and the music too uninspiring. The chorus music throughout is too respectable. Mr. Pole, the leader, has dignity enough to grace the chorus of a tragedy. He wears always a face of gloom, moves through statuesque attitudes (not in themselves unbeautiful), and sings with a pained note in his powerful voice such as a proudly patient martyr might affect. Old men, feeble and fussy, pitiful figures on the whole, but old above all, the dicasts of the "Wasps" should be; at Cambridge some few of the chorus might be old, the leader knows no infirmity. He is upright, dignified, severe; and it must be admitted he is dull. He has trained his band with obvious care and skill, but it has surely been with a wrong end in view. Strange that the unequalled Lady Farringford of the A.D.C. should impart dullness and pomp into the most frankly comic of all comedies. Surely there is not dullness in Aristophanes. All manner of other faults he has, but from first to last he is madly gay. Did not Heine speak of that "Weltvernichtungs-idee" for which no other language could find a word? And what is left of Aristophanes if that be hid? Mr. Butler and Mr. Robertson (son and father), the slave from Christ's and the animals from Trinity, these all worked hard and worked understandingly. Yet somehow through all the Cambridge play there seemed lacking the true spirit of the Old Comedy, that riotous, uproarious, divine incontinence of laughter which has shaken only Rabelais and the poet of the "Wasps".

THE CONSTANT II.

LOOKING, the other day, through a row of school and college prize-books, the spolia opima of a friend, we saw, by the inscriptions, that most of them were for proficiency in mathematics. Not associating him with such studies, we displayed some little surprise.

"You did not think", he said, "that Master Silence was a man of this mettle? Very likely not. Yet I suppose he was—once. Of course a boy could pass with credit, even with honour, the tests of our boyhood and know very little of mathematics. But my tutors all praised me for having a mathematical head, an eye for an equation, and the like. They prophesied for me a Senior Wrangler's place and the career of a Newton. I got neither; why, I scarcely know, for certainly problems over which fellows with twice my brains despaired came easy to me. But the way of life which seemed the best for me to follow had no use for mathematics. Enough arithmetic to check my bankers' book (when I got one) and enough geometry to lay out a rose-garden is all I have ever needed. Experience has convinced me that the bankers' clerk may be safely trusted to do one, and a fairly intelligent gardener the other, of these things. I often wonder whether Peterborough formed Pope's Quincunx on correct principles. I wonder, more, that the many accusations of the public school and university 'curriculum', which I read, confine themselves to abusing the dead languages, especially 'compulsory Greek', and never mention mathematics as a waste of time. They may be more usefully taught now than they were in my day. As far as 'fruit', as Bacon

called it, goes, I should have done better if I had devoted myself to Greek. Almost everything that is worth reading was written in Greek, and a great part of mathematics, as the word was understood forty years ago, bears no discernible relation to life. Two and two only make four in arithmetic, not in fact. You cannot find two oak leaves exactly similar, and if you did find two pairs exactly agreeing you would still have distinct leaves, not an homogeneous body of four, in the mathematical sense of that word. Two sides of a triangle are only mathematically greater than the third; it is a truism that often the longest way round is the shortest way home. And if in a barefoot hunt for the matches you tread on a tintack you will find that its point has considerable parts and an excruciating magnitude. These things are only axioms in vacuo, and Nature abhors a vacuum.

"Of mathematics as a study, pursued as its own end, I quite understand the fascination. There is a neatness about it, a compact certainty, which is very attractive. Young says 'An undevout astronomer is mad', and the Autocrat takes leave to question that dictum. But, though not perhaps quite in the sense that Young intended, it contains a certain truth. Of a surety a man is mad who espouses astronomy or any other science unless he thoroughly believes in it, is willing to devote himself to it, and, so, may be called 'devout'. I suppose I was not devout. I saw or thought I saw that many mathematical operations were only ingenious exercises of wit: that, given the premises, the result followed. The maker of a Jigsaw puzzle may be trusted to put it together. To spend a life doing so would, I thought, pall. The mathematicians, like Tom Thumb the great, 'made the giants first and then they killed 'em'. I think", he said, and smiled meditatively at the fire, "that the best thing I got out of mathematics was a firm conviction of the existence of π , the constant π ."

It is the ratio of circumference to diameter in a circle, the proportion one bears to the other. As circles differ from each other only in size, it is evident that π is always the same. A bishop, perhaps even an archbishop, could see that. Therefore is he "the constant π ", "constant" not being a mere epithet, like the "judicious" Hooker or the "venerable" Bede, but the note of his existence. It is immutable. Constat.

But π is also indefinable. No one can tell you what he is. He straddles quite over the whole way of the mathematician, as Apollyon did across the path of Christian, with straight legs and squared shoulders, and says "No! friend. Weigh the sun by all means, and much good may it do you. Calculate the orbits of comets, so that you can foretell their arrival to a minute. Me you shall not measure. There are limits. It is good for a man that there should be some things he doesn't know. I, II, am one of those things. I will, with (or without) your leave, remain to you the unknown quantity, the Constant II."

Of course, they have got very nearly to a knowledge of him. Order a wheel of a certain circumference, and the maker of it will use π in the making. But wheels are not mathematical circles, they are only rather round. Mathematicians have worked him out to an incredible number of decimals, but, perceiving that he would not "come out", have desisted, and are now, for the most part, resting in asylums squaring the circle. A miss of the million-millionth part of an inch is, to a mathematician, as bad as a mile. "I've got within a single letter, brother Toby," cried my father, 'of Erasmus his mystic meaning.' 'You are near enough, brother,' replied my uncle, 'in all conscience.' 'Pshaw!' cried my father, scratching on, 'I might as well be seven miles off.'"

It is an Uitlander, not to say an undesirable alien, in the neatly kept country of geometric demonstrations and exact arithmetic. He belongs, in fact, to a wider realm than the mathematic, to pure metaphysic, and it was just like him to intrude among the figures and make himself objectionable by declining to submit to their laws. But, in his own place, π the constant, the incalculable factor, seems, as our friend said, to count. One who should know, for he has probably played more

games of chess than any other man living, told us that there was a lot of luck in chess, and explained the seeming paradox quite easily and convincingly. On the other hand, a certain school rebukes the use of the words "luck" and "chance". "You know", they say, "that there can be no such thing." Well—there is, emphatically, something. And, while the formalist holds it profane to name that something "luck", others feel it blasphemous to attribute the spoiling of a picnic to a special—and spiteful—providence.

"Peace, coxcombs, peace! and both agree"

to call it π , the constant π .

II, the intruder among the figures, seems to us a powerful weapon to use against the man who professes to believe in nothing that he cannot explain. He places great reliance on "exact science". As "animal capax rationis" he cannot deny that, there, π exists—very much in his way. Nor can he assert that he knows what π is. Wrought out to eighty-seven places of decimals, π is still incomplete, not the real obvious π .

An ancient sage figured the Infinite as a circle whose centre was everywhere and circumference nowhere. To some this is nonsense: in others it excites "a vibration of the chords in the neighbourhood of the brain". It is the same in that tremendous circle as he is in the compass of a threepenny-bit. And, if we do not know him exactly, still we have him laboriously and, let us hope, correctly figured out to eighty-seven places of decimals, which ought to be near enough for anyone but a mathematician.

THE WIND.

THIS afternoon the sunlight paints upon the grimed brick wall the sharp black shadows of the bare hollyhock stems. Every leaf upon the pathway and the lawn shines brown and gold bronze or keenest yellow. The raw still air speaks of frost and the dropping of the few lingering leaves standing now for their moment of lonely individuality opaque and dry against the shimmering blue or showing, all sharp form and colour, on the background made by the white-washed walls of the little colony of studios across the way.

Once more the clumped trimmed bushes, the barberry and holly, the box and privet, the laurel and the yew, begin their monotonous supremacy, bearing—at this moment when the riches of autumn are told, and the memory of the past blossoming and the love of the blossoming that is to come are at their utmost gnawing intensity—but little immediate relief, giving, however, presently in return for a measure of patient acceptance a rewarding vision of the part they still may play. They remind you that they may beguile, draping their too perpetual faces in the soft shroudings of the urban winter, that they will wear the jewels of the morning, and perhaps, before they are again thrust aside, they will make the unwearied heart dance as they stand transformed beneath the burden of the snow. But, more than all these things, they tell how when they stand out there among their silent neighbours you will bless them for rendering up the voice of even the gentlest of the raindrops.

And on nights when the wind is still, when there is no rain to mitigate the sound of the ceaseless going to and fro, and sleep stands far off, the thought of them motionless beneath your window will be as a cup of quiet in your need, and sometimes, draining it, you may go away into memory, far and deep. The half-light which finds its relentless way through the window draperies to beat upon your closed eyelids will be forgotten, and you will be away—away in the rich depth of the long November night in the open country.

Darkness envelops you, obliterating the walls of your chamber, immense and formless. Your wide-flung, curtainless window throws not the faintest glimmer—for the sky hangs low over the sleeping fields. Nothing stirs. Your days have dropped and dropped since high summer to this serenest of all the sweetness of the year, this full moment between memory

and promise. . . . You waken on such a night to find that you have been carried by dreamless slumber to the heart of tranquillity, surprising consciousness at its richest brimming. . . .

Suddenly in the stillness there sounds away across the marshes a little wailing voice. Five clear dropping notes it utters, and ceases. And then you know what has brought you from the depths. You wait, scarcely breathing. There is a long silence. Then again the little sound breaks, high and thin, and threadlike and very far away. So clear it is, out there, and intimate, that it might be speaking from your garden space or rising from the deep furrows of the stubble field beyond. But you know that it has come out of the sea and is wandering along the distant, desolate shore. And as you turn to give yourself the better to your listening, joy laughs at the thought of the clear countryside, nothing between you and the sound but the slope of naked fields and the wide marsh beyond. You lie listening. . . . There it is. . . . It has left the foreshore and is roaming along the margin of the marshes, creeping in and out among the sedges, complaining.

Presently you seem to see, as you hear it rise from whispering to a querulous shrillness, the rows of huddled willows, black and crouching, straggling along the dykes. You feel the conflict, the rattling of the scanty slender leaves, the straining of the maimed twig-like branches, the trouble of the scattered pools waiting since the falling of the autumn rains for the frost to bring them sleep.

Gathering strength like a wave, voices are sweeping up and up over the land now, borne on a wide undertone, shouting and moaning in long-drawn ululation, rising and falling, breaking and dying down to a low sobbing.

Surging onwards they have reached the flat dew-drenched fields. The dense hedgerows are answering with deep singing. Across the way the ever-green oak quivers under the threatening breath, harp-like in all its burdened branches. For a moment the stillness falls again, and then the tumult rushes forward in full strength, wild from the sea, gigantic, sweeping headlong until, with rapid blows and yells and mighty shaking, it seizes your dwelling and encircles it with a roaring, fierce, flamelike. In at your window, down your wide chimney it rushes. You are at the heart of the uproar. The wind has found its prey upon the bare hillside.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Cecil, London W.C.,

30 November 1909.

SIR,—My book "The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life-Story" has been uncommonly lucky: it has found amid the horde of journalistic scribes three or four critics, judges both honest and competent, among whom must be reckoned the writer of the review which appeared in the SATURDAY. It is because I recognise his competence and his interest in the subject that I would like to examine part of his criticism. He says:

"We already have warned our readers that there is no crudeness in Mr. Harris' actual exposition of his theories. By the time he is ready to give these theories full play he has insidiously wound himself into us and fired us with the spirit of the game. Exempt from such fascination, we should smile (for example) at his dismissal of Shakespeare's later virginal figures as shadows of pure girlhood, pathetically chosen in reaction from the passionate and froward creature who had been his bane. No need to prove for us that Miranda, Perdita, and the rest are abstractions compared with Cleopatra. Of course they are. To be abstract is the fate of all virgins in drama."

Here the critic argues like a political gladiator whose

object is rhetorical triumph. The whole contention is mere word-fence. Is Tourgenief's Marianna an abstraction or at least as vital and as passionately differenced as any of his more experienced women? To go no further than Shakespeare: Is Juliet an abstraction in the sense that Miranda is an abstraction, or is it the fate of Portia to be abstract as Marina is abstract?

Again, when I attempt to outline and fix Shakespeare's limitations as an artist, your critic boldly sweeps away my lines:

"We think he makes too much of Shakespeare's alleged 'snobbery' and political hatred of the masses, of his failure to depict a middle-class puritan with sympathy, and of the fact that he nowhere paints a reformer. No artist, we believe, has ever triumphed in a sympathetic creation of demagogue, bourgeois, or visionary."

This last sentence is somewhat unfair: I have given twenty proofs of Shakespeare's "snobbery", stronger than his failure to depict a demagogue; a hundred proofs of his dislike of the middle classes, stronger than his failure to depict a bourgeois or a visionary; but, taking such special pleading as it stands, is it true to say that "these types themselves have defied art, perhaps will always defy it"? There are many sympathetic and masterly studies of the demagogue in literature, from Felix Holt to Bazarof; there are dozens of successful and sympathetic studies of bourgeois: the SATURDAY critic must have heard of the immortal Birotteau and his assistant or of Mr. Arnold Bennett's shopkeeper in "The Old Wives' Tale", and as for visionaries they positively swarm in every literature, from Greatheart to Sylvestre Bonnard and the hero of "Resurrection".

Again your critic argues:

"Concede again that the broad change in Shakespeare's dramatic outlook—that darkening sky and beckoning of sinister shapes which ushers in his great tragic period—implies some dreadful ripening in his personal experience, such as comes to most middle-aged men who can feel. Must we go on to furnish his inner life with erotic madness deduced from Troilus or speeches in Lear, with frantic jealousy from Othello, with misanthropic despair from Timon?"

This criticism is specious special pleading. I do not deduce "erotic madness from Troilus or speeches in Lear" alone or even chiefly. I have proved that extraordinary sensuality is a characteristic of all those characters whom I regard as impersonations of Shakespeare himself. The Duke in "Twelfth Night" wants a surfeit of passion that the appetite may sicken and so die. Jaques, too, is one of Shakespeare's most characteristic figures; lewdness has nothing to do with his character, why is it attributed to him? He is, as I have shown, an alter ego of Shakespeare and another impersonation is the Duke in "Measure for Measure", who wishes to punish lewdness: why does Lucio accuse him of lewdness; why is Henry V. accused of lewdness by Poins; why does Ophelia talk lewdly and Juliet and Portia, and, above all, why after the unbounded sensuality of "Hamlet", "Othello", "Lear", "Antony and Cleopatra", and "Timon" is there no sensuality, no suggestive talk in his latest romances, in "The Winter's Tale", in "Cymbeline" or "The Tempest"? Moreover, his sonnets show extravagant sensuality, and all we know of his life bears out this obvious deduction from his works.

Your critic, Sir, has come some way with me and has shown himself very sympathetic and appreciative. He will not take it in bad part that I seek to defend my book from undeserved blame. Already the baser representatives of the nonconformist conscience in the press have not scrupled to impute to me the "erotic mania" which I lay to Shakespeare's charge at a certain definite crisis in his life. But from a critic of the SATURDAY I expect scrupulous fair play, with all the rigour of the game; so when he appears to fail, I protest; the protest is a token of my respect for him.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK HARRIS.

THE SHORT STORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Cunninghame Graham cites with indignation the following sentence from a review: "Mr. Harris' own tale 'Sonia' comes as near as anything we know, but it is only a short story". The word "only" is understood by Mr. Graham to imply an insular indifference to the short story as a form of artistic expression. May I say that nothing was more remote from the intention of the writer?

The point out of which the sentence arose was this, that artists in general have not triumphed in the sympathetic delineation of demagogue, bourgeois, or visionary. The tale "Sonia" was allowed to be successful in such delineation; and the qualification—"but it is only a short story"—was added by way of suggesting that in a long story, which involves a more sustained and detailed psychology, the same success would be unlikely. Mr. Graham himself supplies just this explanation when he says "it is precisely because 'Sonia' is not a long-drawn-out novel that Mr. Harris has succeeded in placing before us a picture".

To the writer, personally, it happens that no form of art offers more pleasure than that of the short story. None would more readily admit the supreme quality of which that form is capable, or join more cordially in admiration of the instances to which Mr. Graham refers. Indeed, one might justly add Mr. Graham's own work to the list. Nevertheless, while it is true that the short story can achieve effects impossible in any other form, this fact cuts both ways. The great short-story writer has had to overcome many difficulties which do not exist for the novelist, but it is equally certain that he has escaped, by virtue of his form, some difficulties which the novelist is compelled to face. To have captured our sympathetic understanding for the revolutionary in the white heat of a condensed action is a feat less remarkable (from the standpoint of the passage questioned) than to sustain that sympathy in the elaborate structure and drier light of a long novel. Compare "Sonia" itself with "The Bomb", a novel by the same author on a similar theme. That the longer story has power in dealing with the anarchic type is unquestionable, but its force in this respect lies really in one or two scenes, virtually handled in the short-story manner, which seem to lose rather than gain by the length of the whole tale in which they are embedded.

That the short story is now supplanting the novel may be true. But this does not affect the point made, namely, that triumphantly complete portraiture of a visionary under the conditions of a long novel would be more surprising, and would more effectually help to dispel one's general feeling that the visionary type "defies art", than an equally triumphant sketch within the limits of the short-story form. This, and nothing else, was intended by the little word "only" which has so excited Mr. Graham's ire.

I imagine that the warmest admirers and even the best modern exponents of the short-story form will hardly carry enthusiasm to the point of disclaiming for it all limitations while they emphasise its peculiar merits. They cannot eat their cake and have it.

I am yours faithfully,

THE REVIEWER.

A VIGOROUS DENIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

37 York Place, Perth, 27 November 1909.

SIR,—Your notice of the Keats reprint in the Oxford Pocket Series contains these words: "It is a melancholy thing to read the publishers' apology for printing the unfinished 'Hyperion': 'The poem was intended to have been of equal length with 'Endymion', but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding'". I wish that in justice to Keats you would also print this paragraph from Mr. H. Buxton Forman's much-annotated edition: "In a copy

[of the poems published in 1820] which recently came into the hands of Canon Ainger, Keats has drawn his pen through and through this advertisement, writing at the head, 'I had no part in this; I was ill at the time'. The statement about 'Endymion' he has bracketed off from the rest; and beneath it he has written 'This is a lie'."

It dies hard, the foolish belief that Keats was a sentimental weakling chilled and killed by a rude blast of ridicule. He left "Hyperion" unfinished because he was dissatisfied with it.

I am yours faithfully,
A. STEVENSON NICOL.

VEGETARIANISM IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Civil Lines, Sitapur, India,
20 October 1909.

SIR,—It is indeed venturesome on my part to enter into a discussion which is going on among your English correspondents respecting the utility of animal food. Among other conflicting arguments there is one which is of supreme importance, and the truth of which can be known simply by observation without plunging into technical disputations about proteid and uric acid. It is the question of physical strength. As a tree can be known by its fruits so a cause can be determined by its effects. If from our experience we find the herbivorous or frugivorous nations physically superior to the carnivorous ones we should unhesitatingly pass judgment in favour of "food reform". Now I find that India is often pointed out as a country where the common diet is vegetables; and it is sometimes alleged by the food reformers that the strongest Indians are found to subsist on a pure vegetable diet. But this statement is altogether groundless, and is put forward only by those who have little knowledge of Indian dietary. The fact is that meat forms a part of the diet of all the Indian communities that can really boast of their physical strength. The gallant Rajputs, the sturdy Pathans, the valiant Sikhs—all of whom represent the warlike classes of India—are well-known flesh-eaters. The only abstainers are the Jains and a section of the Arya Samajists. But these communities have never been known to exhibit any sort of physical superiority over the flesh-eaters. They have never produced a warrior. Few of them ever aspire to be admitted into the ranks of the Indian Army, which is entirely composed of the flesh-eating classes named above.

As regards the effect of flesh diet on the brain, it is sufficient to remark that the most intellectual classes of India are, again, found to be flesh-eaters. The Parsis, the Bengalis, the Kashmiris, the Kaesths, all of them partake more or less of animal food. It remains to be added that the entire Mussulman community of India—forming a population of about sixty millions—the intellectual and physical activities of which are too well known to be repeated here, is, with only a few exceptions, a flesh-eating community.

This brief note will, I hope, remove the misconception of your English correspondents about the diet of Indians, and India will not be pointed out in future to show the favourable effects of vegetarianism on the physical constitution.

I am yours faithfully,
ABDUL MAJID.

REFORM IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The University, Sheffield,
15 November 1909.

SIR,—After having read the interesting note in your journal of 6 November on Mr. Chirrol's speech at the China Association, I could not resist writing to you a few lines, giving you my own opinion.

It was stated that "the Chinese are no doubt taking in new ideas, but this seems rather to stimulate anti-foreign feelings". I think that an impartial judge with a knowledge of the matter would discern that this

resentment running through Chinese policy was a not unnatural result of the one-sided and anti-Chinese interventions which have been made. For instance, in the recent so-called "Chinese Railway Imbroglio", which has been stigmatised as anti-foreign, there was ample justification for the suspicions of the Chinese people that these railway concessions to foreigners would turn out to be detrimental to native interests. The Chinese have realised the advantages of railway development, but they fear to grant any more concessions. When reflection reveals to them the real nature of the aggrandising process devised by foreign Powers, they can only see that the obtaining of railway concessions is a new way of getting foothold in the country. The Chinese have been awakened to a sense of the dangers which threaten their national existence, and will stand firm against encroachment. "To ensure her own national existence", said the Rev. E. W. Thwing, "she must more strongly hold to the principle of 'China for the Chinese'." For this new movement China has been severely criticised, especially by European syndicates. But the so-called anti-foreign feeling in China can only be designated as a movement of resistance to foreign aggression. It would be juster to speak of the rise of national spirit or the awakening of national consciousness than to talk of anti-foreign feeling.

It was also stated in the note that "meantime there is very little evidence of real internal reform in China". Of course we could not compare China with this country; but her reform during the last few years has not been merely a paper one. Allow me to quote a few words from Sir Robert Hart on the present condition of China. He said: "China is changing in every quarter; education of the Western kind is welcome; railroads are increasing their mileage; the telegraph is at work everywhere; steamers on the coast and on the inner waters are increasing in numbers; newspapers are being established at all important points; post-offices are transmitting mail matter all over the country. . . . With such a country and such a people—a country rich in undeveloped resources and a people possessed of every good quality—the future before the Empire cannot be other than great. But the future will depend much on to-day, and it is to be hoped that her foreign relations will go on improving, and she will only have kindness to remember, and neither wrongs to right nor grudges to pay off."

But in this fighting world right must be supported by might. What can China do? Her position to-day in relation to other Powers is most difficult. Japan was allowed in the main to fight out her own battles for herself. There was no complicated network of foreign interests, no burden of foreign indebtedness to hamper her freedom of action. There were no foreign Powers watching for every opportunity to further their political or territorial ambition at her expense. But China, being very rich in natural resources, has naturally drawn the attention of the whole world. She is entirely by herself and single-handed. She has her vast Empire to look after, and so she needs every help possible, great tact and careful diplomacy to bring herself through this present critical period of her history. However, it is the hope of all well-wishers of China that the day is not far distant when she will be raised to the level of her neighbours and remain no longer a tempting bait to greedy Powers. China's advent to the position of a world Power will be a great benefit to the rest of the world in civilisation, in wealth, and above all in restoring the peace of the world and in maintaining it for the betterment of mankind.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
CHENG-CHANG LU.

INDIANS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 Pump Court, Temple E.C.,
30 November 1909.

SIR,—Will you, with your usual courtesy, permit me to express my appreciation of the reference in your

issue of the 20th to the struggle for elementary civic rights of our Indian fellow-subjects in the Transvaal Colony?

The Transvaal British Indians are pursuing their campaign by adopting a course which is so thoroughly characterised by moderation, self-restraint and good sense that it alone, apart from considerations of justice, imperial policy or wider expediency, should justify their claim to treatment as civilised citizens of the Empire to all whose eyes are not blinded by racial or colour prejudice. The issue between the Transvaal Government and its small British Indian population of some thirteen thousand lawfully domiciled residents has been reduced to a simple question of, firstly, the removal of legislation in regard to those on the spot, which is resented because it imposes requirements implying that they are a body of criminals (the Registration Law is taken exception to on these grounds, and the pronouncements that preceded its enactment afford strong justification for this view); and secondly, an amendment of the Immigration Law, which, read together with the Registration Law, imposes for the first time in imperial legislation complete exclusion upon would-be Indian immigrants *because of their race and colour*.

Mr. Gandhi, the Indian leader, has shown General Smuts a method whereby the possibility of any further immigration into the Transvaal can be obviated by administrative means without the infliction of a statutory insult such as the existing law constitutes in respect of the whole three hundred millions of India; but, with an airy disregard of imperial considerations, General Smuts prefers his own parochial methods, careless of the far-reaching consequences his conduct cannot but have upon the peace and the integrity of the Empire. That the Colonial Secretariat might have avoided what has now become dangerously like an impasse is indisputable, but, having allowed the opportunity to slip, only heroic measures can now retrieve the lost ground. The outlook is anything but happy. I am assured that the Transvaal Indians will pursue their passive-resistance campaign to the very death. India is united in a feeling of deep resentment against the insult it feels has been inflicted with the tacit assent of the Imperial Government, and I doubt not that when the people of this country understand the cruel injustice and the breach of trust that have been perpetrated in their name they will insist upon a righting of the wrong.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am etc.,

L. W. RITCH

(Hon. Sec., South Africa British Indian Committee).

THE BANKING QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 29 November 1909.

SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. Meulen's letter on the above subject in your issue of the 20th inst. In these days when the question of unemployment is so urgently before us it is important that no part of our present machinery should escape examination; and amongst other things we need to be assured that the banking system that now obtains enables the national resources to be used with as much efficiency as is consistent with practical safety and with the general social conditions that prevail.

Generally speaking, intelligently organised labour should always be capable of working at a profit, and it undoubtedly is a deplorable thing that we should not be able to provide employment for capable and willing labour. We have the labour and, it is to be presumed, the ability intelligently to organise it. What we seem to lack is adequate control of capital—of the means, that is to say, to support labour during the process of fresh production. The means is provided somehow—more or less. The unemployed contrive to live—pitifully it may be, but still to live—at the expense of the rates or of public and private charity. Whether,

however, the necessary control of capital could be brought about, whether the capital which now is frittered away could be made efficient and effectual by the issue of bankers' credit, as Mr. Meulen suggests, is open to some doubt. But at least the subject deserves careful consideration.

One very important objection presents itself at once: there can be no reasonable doubt that the issue of credit must tend to raise prices. For the effect of such an issue would obviously be to increase the demand for commodities. This increased demand would probably stimulate and in part be met by increased production at home; but in part also it would be met by imports from abroad. Thus we might have a time of apparent prosperity, for which we should pay, in part at least, by an efflux of gold.

Credit is rendered possible only by surplus production in the past. It is limited not by future but by actual production, past and present. When we issue credit we give, in effect, to a number of people the means to subsist for a certain time, and, it may be, to produce, at the expense of the community. It is no use, for example, issuing credit notes entitling the bearer, say, to a quatern loaf if the quatern loaves in existence are fewer than the credit notes. And since credit is thus limited, it follows that it will command a price—which we term interest—a price which will fluctuate, of course, accordingly as free capital—that is, free access to the world's actual production—is plentiful or otherwise.

The available savings of the world tend to be represented by gold, because no doubt gold has such obvious advantages and is so universally acceptable. It is not only a token of work done; it is also a thing desired of man. And by the fusion of these two qualities it becomes a token of work done that men needed or desired done. It is conceivable that a paper note might be a satisfactory enough token of work done, but unless it were restricted so as to represent only such work done as men desired or needed done, it would certainly depreciate. And paper so restricted would be subject to the same shortages as gold.

The writer on this subject in your issue of the 27th complains that the flow of gold abroad, from whatever cause, restricts credit at home. It is undoubtedly unfortunate that a panic in America or development in Egypt should make credit more difficult to obtain in this country. But it is not the fault of gold or of our use of it. If I hold an instrument entitling me to support a man or a number of men for a given time, whether that instrument be a piece of coined gold or a paper certificate of credit, I cannot use that instrument both in America or Egypt and in this country. I cannot eat my cake and have it. The available savings of the world—the fluid savings, as it were—are limited, and can be used only once by the same holder. And if they go abroad, for any reason whatsoever, they are withdrawn for the time being from use in this country.

To me, therefore, the issue of bankers' credit seems an expedient of doubtful value. But the subject is one of considerable difficulty, and it is to be hoped that the courage of the SATURDAY REVIEW in thus ventilating the question will induce our authorities in banking to justify the present system.

Yours faithfully,

W. P. BAINES.

MR. CAMERON CORBETT'S POSITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 30 November 1909.

SIR,—Mr. Cameron Corbett's latest performance is to intervene in the impending contest in the Tradedon Division by issuing postcards to the electors asking them to say whether or not he ought to come forward as the Liberal candidate at the General Election, and this, too, after the local Conservative and Unionist and Radical Association respectively had selected its own candidate. This extraordinary behaviour has aroused

the indignation of the selected Radical candidate, who has addressed a letter of protest on the subject to the local daily paper. It is obvious, of course, that if he does stand the result will be to increase considerably the majority the Unionist candidate is certain to have. This is the greatest service Mr. Cameron Corbett has ever rendered to the electors, whom he has deceived and whose trust he has betrayed, and to the party which he has deserted.

I am yours faithfully,
PARTY LOYALTY.

A CAMBRIDGE FEAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 1 December 1909.

SIR,—One had supposed that the eating of small song-birds was a custom confined to plutocrats and the "smart set" which in older times would not have found its way into English society. The custom comes, as we all know, from the Continent; the poverty of the peasant is held to account for it, together with the soullessness of the uneducated Roman Catholic, but others say that it is favoured at the hotels for the benefit of the rich and Protestant English traveller.

Now we learn that the grave and reverend dons of Cambridge are anxious to be known as lark-eaters. At a feast at a certain Cambridge hall last week there appeared on the menu, in French as vile as the dish, "*Mauviettes Farcées* (sic) *en Nids à la Financière*". That is to say, larks presented in their little nests, to tickle the palates of the learned guests between turtle soup and turkey. A pretty idea, no doubt, the cook thought; as pretty as that of the gasping bird with open beak that looks "so natural" on a woman's hat.

There is no Professor of Poetry at Cambridge, otherwise one might bid these dining dons read of the skylark as sung by poets from Shakespeare to Alfred Austin. And while to Martin Luther the humble sparrow was his "doctor of divinity", and to S. Francis the small birds were his "little sisters", the modern doctor of divinity only cares for the "ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky", as a tit-bit for a big dinner.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
E. G.

TOO MUCH CLEVERNESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65 University Road, Belfast,

29 November 1909.

SIR,—In speculating upon the chances that the plays of the late Oscar Wilde have of securing that immortality which is obviously to be the portion of some of his other works your critic complained that the plays were too brilliant—that is to say that the cleverness of the conversation became tedious. I am sorry he did that. For I am quite sure that the SATURDAY REVIEW critics are sufficiently clever themselves to be free from that most unpleasing jealousy which we expect from mediocrity; and for that very reason it seems quite a pity that one of their number should suggest that immortality will be impossible in the case of what seem to be the most brilliant prose plays in the English language.

There is nothing quite so severe as the test of immortality: we expect so much in a work that cannot die. And so, for Wilde's sake, it might be better if his plays continued to live for ever without bearing any critical trade-mark. The reason why there are so few epigrams in novels and plays is that the people who write novels and plays cannot invent epigrams. Clever conversation is only written by clever people; and it has become so unusual to expect it that critics either get so great a shock that they write no reviews at all or they fail to recognise the cleverness when they see it.

Yours etc.,
HERBERT PYM.

REVIEWS.

THACKERAY THE MAN.

"William Makepeace Thackeray." By Lewis Melville.
London: Lane. 1909. 25s.

THACKERAY was late in being famous. He was not as a young man driven to letters by necessity; and, when necessity came, he was impelled, not directly into letters, but in another direction (witness the illustrations to "*Vanity Fair*"). Then finally, when he did decide to give to literature his best endeavour, he wrote sporadically under many pseudonyms. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Yellowplush, Major Gahagan, FitzBoodle, Miss Tickletohy, were all more or less familiar to the reading public; but only a few were aware that these and other motley persons were all united in Mr. Thackeray. Moreover, there was a reason more fundamental than these why Thackeray's reputation hung fire. His greater work was the product of ripe observation. It is difficult to believe that Thackeray could have written "*Vanity Fair*" earlier than he did.

Against Thackeray and his work two charges have been made time and again. Both are equally untrue. Some say that he was a cynic; others that he was a sentimentalist. Thackeray was neither. He was a man of uncommonly fine sensibility. The woes and the humours of life were always very near to him and very real. With this sensibility went an extraordinary power of detachment, and the two things together made Thackeray a great humourist. Feeling did not obscure judgment. It invested judgment with a large humanity, that no mere adding-up of two and two can achieve. At the same moment he was sympathetic and critical. This looks very like a definition of the man of humour.

Look at Thackeray for a moment as editor of the "*Cornhill*"; not because it is necessary to say any more about these two charges, but because Thackeray as editor of the "*Cornhill*" makes a most delightful figure. It gave Thackeray a bad night to refuse a manuscript, and he had to refuse them by the gross. Sentimental! cries someone. Let that someone produce evidence that Thackeray ever printed one of those manuscripts that he ought not to have printed. Let that someone also read Thackeray's own account of the letters that made him hate the postman—the letters written by poor, good, hardworked, would-be contributors with sick mothers and dependent families. "Day and night that sad voice is crying out for help. Thrice it appealed to me yesterday. Twice this morning it cried to me, and I have no doubt when I go to get my hat I shall find it, with its piteous fate and its pale family about it, waiting for me in the hall." Thackeray could write this. Yet he was a good editor. Put the two things together; and then collate the following passage written when Thackeray was resigning, where the vein is a lighter one: "To say No has often cost me a morning's peace and a day's work. I tremble *recenti metu*. Oh, those hours of madness spent in searching for Louisa's lost lines to her dead Piping Bullfinch, for Nhoj Senoj's mislaid essay! I tell them for the last time the (late) Editor will not be responsible for rejected communications, and herewith send off the Chair and the great '*Cornhill*' Magazine Tin-box with its load of care." Taking it that this disposes of even the ghost of one charge, let us have a last look at the other. Thackeray saw two tubs of oysters outside a shop. One lot was labelled a shilling, the other fifteenpence. "How these", he murmured, looking at the cheaper, "must hate the others!" Those who say that Thackeray was a cynic will see in this a forced sneer at human weakness. We do not see it like that. Thackeray was not sneering at humanity. He was voicing a deep sympathy with the less distinguished.

Thackeray, the man, has always been something of an enigma. The reason seems to be that he was a shy man. He appears to have been one of those who keep within themselves a corner secluded from the world. However intimate the friendship, however seeming frank the good fellowship, there is always one last

ring-fence that few may break down. There is about Thackeray, through all his varying moods of surliness or loving-kindness, through all his flashes of grim humour or pitiless insight, a suggestion of a still sanctuary kept inviolate. He seems to have been as jealous for the seclusion he needed for his inner self as he was often boisterous in his expression of the superficial mood that possessed him. The real Thackeray will never be known; for the inquirer with eyes to see behind the veil will not be the one to tear it aside for a spectacle.

The Thackeray the world knew was himself a fascinating figure. A man who combined the humour of ripe judgment with a boyish zest in life was likely to charm and dominate and mystify his generation. Viewed from outside, he appeared, partly on account of that very shyness that hid the real man, as a bundle of contradictions. He was a man who could say a savage thing because of the very tenderness of his sensibility, who could wound a friend because of the very earnestness of his desire to please, who could appear self-conscious and awkward because of the very naturalness of his heart. Then in an access of health or spirits he could leap all barriers and appeal unerringly to friends and listeners. The way in which he regarded his own fame is typical of the Thackeray we have tried to know. No man ever enjoyed his fame more than he; but no man's head was ever less turned than his. The story is told that Charlotte Brontë, sitting opposite to him at dinner, regarded him for a long time as a hero. "And", said Thackeray, "I had the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappear as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it, until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across with clasped hands and tearful eyes, and breathed imploringly: 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'" This is one of those stories which may not be true, but ought to be. It shows Thackeray in his typical attitude to life and to himself. He enjoyed the situation and criticised it implicitly as he enjoyed it. A hero perhaps—but there were the five potatoes. It takes a man of humour to see the two things together without laughing stupidly or unkindly or cynically or self-consciously, either at his admirer or at himself.

The injunction left behind him by Thackeray that no one should write his biography was as typical of the man as it is typical of the world to disregard it. The world has, in the person of Mr. Melville, twice offended. It was ten years ago that Mr. Melville wrote the first biography; and here we are faced with a second. Mr. Melville in ten years has had time to improve. He should have had time to improve himself out of any intention to repeat his offence. He has not succeeded in doing this; but he has improved a little in other respects. His first biography was a collection of scraps which did credit to the industry of the collector. In the second the scraps are better edited. But the Thackeray we have imagined behind the fence of reserve which the world will never succeed in breaking down is still as safe as he was or ever Mr. Melville began to drag out literary lumber for our instruction. Moreover, Mr. Melville will have frightened away competitors—all save Mr. Wright, the world's biography-monger. As a piece of book-making this biography is as complete as the author could make it with the information at his command or at the command of anyone hardened by the literary trade to rush in where others with more right to be there would not.

AUSTRIA INFELIX.

"The Austrian Court in the Nineteenth Century." By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Rumbold Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. London: Methuen. 1909. 18s. net.

WE welcome a sympathetic, if somewhat superficial, history of Austria from so competent an authority as Sir Horace Rumbold, formerly Ambassador at Vienna. The feeble and fussy diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey during the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis, supported as it was by the fatuous and provocative language of

our press, has done something—we hope not much—to prevent that cordial understanding which ought to exist between two such old allies as England and Austria. Sir Horace Rumbold's book, if it is as widely read as it deserves to be, should convince educated Englishmen how unjustly we judged Count Aehrenthal, to whom we ought to be grateful for preventing a European war. On reading these pages it is impossible not to be struck by the ill luck which has dogged Austria for the last hundred years. Unfriendly critics might say it was incompetence, not ill luck, that led to the dismemberment of the Holy Roman Empire. Austria produced many very able statesmen in the last century; but it is a melancholy fact that in her three great wars, the first with Napoleon I., the second with Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel, and the third with Prussia and Italy, she did not produce a really great general. The Austrian troops, composed of Magyars, Czechs and Germans, were the finest in the world; but they were wretchedly generalised on each occasion, if we except the Archduke Albert's campaign in Italy in 1866. Indeed it is remarkable that both in 1859 and 1866 the Austrians beat the Italians, who would never have recovered Lombardy and Venetia had it not been for France and Prussia. Italy owes her unity less to the valour of her soldiers than to the cleverness of Cavour in sending troops to the Crimea, and thus securing the moral support of England and the material support of France. The war of 1866 was of course a deliberate design of Bismarck to wrest the German hegemony from the Emperor. It is easy to be wise after the event; and it appears to us, on reading Sir Horace Rumbold's chapters on this transaction, that Austria might have prevented the formation of the German Empire by a prompt cession of Venetia to Italy and by an appeal to Napoleon's hatred and fear of Prussia. Austria's prestige would have suffered by the surrender of Venetia without a blow; but she lost more by the war. If Austria's diplomacy at Paris had been bolder and more decided, there is little doubt that the two Emperors could have crushed Prussia for a generation. But Bismarck and Moltke were two men of genius, for whom the Emperor Francis and his Ministers and generals were no match. It is difficult to read the account of Sadowa without a feeling of indignation against the imbecility of General Benedek and his head of the staff Krismanic.

Meditating on the military misfortunes of Austria one cannot forget the enormous political difficulties with which an Emperor, who was his own Foreign Minister, had to cope. The dual system, which Gladstone tried to persuade us to adopt with regard to Ireland, has not been a success in the cases of Sweden and Norway and Austria and Hungary. The two Parliaments of Austria and Hungary and the annual meeting of the Delegations from the two Legislatures have been the most striking political failure of modern times. It may be that parliamentary institutions are unsuited to such races as the Magyars and the Slavs, as we are inclined to think. Certain it is that parliamentary government has to be suspended from time to time in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and is now suspended. Nothing but the courage, the patience and the sweetness of temper of the Emperor Francis Joseph could manage this motley crew of races and quell the absurd pretensions of the so-called nationalities which compose his kingdom. Probably no other man could cope with the task. But Francis Joseph has behind him a reign of sixty years, during which no stain has rested, even for an instant, upon his character as a just, an honourable and a benevolent Sovereign. He has also behind him the memory of his domestic sorrows, which are tragic enough to silence the most malignant faction. Sir Horace Rumbold handles appreciatively and delicately the complex temperament of the unhappy Empress.

In the concluding pages of this history are one or two passages upon the British attitude during the last Eastern crisis which exactly represent our views. The secret treaty between Austria and Russia about Bosnia, which was made in 1878 before the Treaty of Berlin, was, it is said (and Sir Horace Rumbold evidently

believes it), confirmed at a meeting in 1908 of Baron d'Aehrenthal, M. Isvolski, and Count Berchtold (Austrian Ambassador at S. Petersburg). The impudent claims of Servia were therefore doomed to neglect from the beginning, and nothing but the encouragement of the London press emboldened the Servians to arm, and thus gave Austria a welcome pretext for the military preparations which through last winter kept Europe on tenterhooks. "But the mischief", writes Sir Horace Rumbold, "did not end here. The censure so freely passed on Austria in the Western countries and the almost hostile feeling evinced towards her had the result"—one which in our opinion cannot be too much deplored, but to which we in England largely contributed—"of drawing yet closer the irksome bond between Vienna and Berlin; of making Vienna more than ever dependent on Berlin; and of perpetuating what has been from the first an unequal compact, injurious to the best interests of the Dual Monarchy. It went, in fact, a long way towards the realisation of what had once been the dream of Schwarzenberg, namely the welding together of the whole of Central Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, into one formidable union, with a population numbering some hundred and ten millions of souls and disposing of two million bayonets—to say nothing of present or prospective Dreadnoughts—and this time not under Habsburg ascendancy, but under the hard, unscrupulous lead of the most aspiring of Powers. Austria, it is to be feared, has now been driven for good into the arms of that Power." Exactly so. We should have thought that the European policy of Great Britain was pretty plainly chalked out, namely, the breaking-up of the Triple Alliance by detaching Italy and Austria from Germany. Italy, we have long known, is none too pleased with her position; and we now have it, on the weighty authority of Sir Horace Rumbold, that "the bond" is "irksome" to Austria. And yet Sir Edward Grey is hailed by our press, and the leaders of both parties, as a heaven-born Foreign Minister!

MR. GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

"Handel." By R. S. Streatfeild. London: Methuen. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

A LITTLE while since it might have been said that no good biography of Handel existed in English, or indeed in any language—for Chrysander's is incomplete. To-day no good one exists: if we change the tense of the verb the truth remains the same. Mr. Streatfeild's study is simply a little better than Rockstro's rubbish. Mr. Streatfeild's aim is not so new nor his daring so great as Mr. Streatfeild himself apparently supposes; for, although no fine and complete Life has come forth, much has been written about Handel and his opera-songs and oratorios, of which we must believe Mr. Streatfeild to be ignorant. His book is a kind of study in backward prevision; somewhat after the event he anticipates what was written—in, amongst other places, this REVIEW—ten to fourteen years ago. All the same, we admire his air, at once bold and bashful—modesty struggling with the heat begotten of the prophetic vision that peers with temerity into the dark backward and abyss of time. When he says that "what [a biographer] could claim, and I think with justice, would be that of all who have written music Handel was the greatest man", we turn backward over our own pages to the year 1897, where we find "he [Handel] is not only amongst the very greatest musicians, but is certainly the very greatest man who ever followed music as a profession". Turning further back to 1895 we see "The truth is that the man was greater, infinitely greater, than his music", and Handel "is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music", "the most astonishing lord of music the world has seen". A sufficiently rash statement, made in our columns, that Handel was the greatest man who had lived, excited the wrath of the "Musical Courier" of New York, which pleaded hard for

Nietzsche. In a word, Mr. Streatfeild need not fear condemnation on the score of over-novelty. And if his phrases do not come fresh from his own mint, his general purpose might even be called stale. Full fourteen years ago we noted that Handel was ceasing to be the Mr. Sankey of the grocers who love their little chapels; and here and elsewhere the claims of the true Handel have been steadily kept in view. For the rest, this "Handel" is not a bad book. It is journalism, but the tittle-tattle is less threadbare than such stuff usually is; and we are genuinely grateful for the attempt to set Handel in a picture of his friends and contemporaries. The wearisome anecdote of Hawkins and Burney may now be reckoned as for ever discarded; and the refreshing quotations from Mrs. Delany and other letter-writers of an age of letter-writers are welcome as a substitute. Still, Mr. Streatfeild need scarcely assume a superior pose on the score of his literary as apart from musical learning. Musical learning he has not; and such a self-conscious touch as "the cultivated reader will not need to be reminded" of something in "She Stoops to Conquer" is a little comic. It reminds one of Mr. J. A. F. Maitland. Not many readers would plume themselves on being "cultivated" simply because they know there is such a play, though they might consider themselves crassly ignorant if they did not know it and its contents.

Handel the man must always remain something of a puzzle, because so little of his private life can be known, and where nothing can be known mankind is prone to suspect the worst. Or if, as in Handel's case, anything "worst", or anything bad at all, seems preposterously out of the question, we still cannot deny ourselves the luxury of believing that at least something interesting went on behind the shutters when he had gone into his house and closed the door. Nature, at any rate human nature, abhors the vacuum that Handel and his biographers leave us instead of a room full of air perfumed and thickened with gossip and scandal. Hence, perhaps, the interminable tales of the guzzling and wine-bibbing which professional scandal-mongers have invented and handed on from almost the date of Handel's death. Yet there is a simple and quite reasonable explanation of the silence. Handel had no Boswell. He was a German and his servants were German; he had about him no one likely to set down in English any account of the hero's more obscure doings; and if these were not recorded in English, in what tongue would it have been of the slightest use to record them, seeing that by the end of his life Handel was a great name and nothing else outside of England? And, besides being a German, Handel was a musician: he went into English society a great deal, but always as a musician: he visited the houses of the great as an honoured (and probably well-paid) guest: we have no stories of him hobnobbing with the literary and artistic celebrities of his day—no such stories as those that form the very stuff and fibre of Boswell's "Johnson". We hazard the conjecture that Handel's private indoor life must have been dull and without striking occurrences or brilliant conversations. Indeed, when we reflect on his stupendous activity in full view of the public, and recollect the immense quantity of music he wrote in his own home, we can fairly account for his private hours—at least until the period of his blindness. A colossal lonely figure, content with the society of his servants the two Smiths at home and with the friendship, reverence and affection of his "patrons" when he went abroad—no other picture can be conjured up of the composer in his darkened age. He is less pathetic in his grandeur than Beethoven, for his day's work was done before he was cut off from the busy world; also he had been a successful man of affairs, and does not remain, as Beethoven does, a type of the unappreciated man of genius dying in poverty and leaving works from which fortunes were to be made.

And in a sense Handel's good fortune has pursued him. His real greatness as a composer is more widely appreciated to-day than it ever was. Whilst the crowd still flocked at Christmastide to hear "The Messiah" both English and Germans were slowly learning to love the wondrous opera-songs; the gigantic

creative and constructive power manifested in the oratorio choruses is felt more deeply now than it was in the days when only the superficial brilliance of "For unto us a Child is born" with its "Wonderful! Counsellor!" appealed to unmusically ears—nay, the marvellous scheme of that same chorus and the sheer inventiveness it shows are felt now as it was hardly possible for an eighteenth-century Burney to feel them. Gradually the popular preacher, the Mr. Campbell, of the little Bethel folk has lost his grip on Handel audiences; and as the preacher has receded the supreme artist has come forward. There was a time when the preacher hid the artist; but that time was before Mr. Streatfeild's. That Handel is fully and properly appreciated by all the world is much more than can be expected in the case of any artist of the first rank; until the millennium arrives there will always be an immense number of good people born incapable of understanding the things that are greatest in art. Whereas Mr. Streatfeild seems to be of opinion that Handel's only fame has been an unworthy one, it seems to us rather that even while his popularity overshadowed his fame, his fame was slowly growing, has never ceased to grow, and did not require a biographer to give it, so to speak, a start.

Yet, in the better time which we may hope is coming, we may hope to hear Handel's oratorios sung as they ought to be sung, and his opera-songs sung as they have not been sung since the old Italian opera passed away—which happened before Handel's own death. In that glorious day Purcell will also come to his own, and we shall see that these two composers, both English in their art, stand apart from all the German, Italian and Flemish composers, that while neither is a writer of religious music—in the sense that Byrde and Palestrina were religious musicians—both are masters of a kind of picturesque music with regard to which they stand alone. Handel wrote delicious love-songs, lovely songs inspired by every shade of sentiment; but it is in his glorious picturesque music that he is supreme—he is a landscape painter as great as Turner, but different from him. Yet he resembles Turner in his veritable passion for the sea. Nearly the whole of "Israel", as we quite recently pointed out, deals with the sea: the voice of the sea thunders or murmurs throughout. Whenever a chance offered in his other oratorios of painting a sea-picture he seized it and gave us such wonders as "When His loud voice", "Thus, when the sun", and, we venture to say, "The sound is gone out". Purcell needs no reflected glory; yet some of Handel's glory is reflected upon him, for the art in which Handel rose to be supreme was, if not invented, at least triumphantly employed by Purcell.

AN IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.

"Irish Ways." By Jane Barlow. With Illustrations by Warwick Goble. London: Allen. 1909. 15s. net.

WE cannot help wondering whether Miss Barlow is pleased with her illustrator. Mr. Goble has produced some spirited and faithful pictures of Donegal peasants, but his landscape sketches are sadly to seek. Of course, reproduction impairs, where it does not ruin, an artist's work, but it can hardly be the fault of a reproductive process that Mr. Goble's foregrounds are vague and dim hazes while the more distant vegetation is painted in some detail, and very distant clouds are sharply outlined. In one bogland scene an old man, in the traditional Irish costume so seldom seen off the stage, is sitting out of the picture in a most alarming way. The wonderful clear air of a fine day in Ireland is as absent from these pictures as it is from the conventional English idea of the Irish climate. The Irish rainfall may be heavy, but between whiles one can see vivid colouring and wide prospects that in all England probably only Cornwall can show. Miss Barlow, of course, knows this: "Everywhere, spread abroad in unstinted measure by the acre or even the mile, lie the pure and vivid hues that are prized when doled out thriftily in precious stones, and flower petals, and fragile wings". But Mr. Goble is very good indeed

when painting a cottage interior, or a farmyard, or a village street.

We dwell on the pictures in this book because, to tell the truth, there is not very much to be said about the letterpress that could not have been said of half a dozen earlier volumes from the same pen. We all know by this time that Miss Barlow can write with charm, that she has a poignant sense of the pathos in humble lives which never degenerates into sentimentality. She does not make any of the mistakes of a tourist, and yet she remains a kindly visitor from the outer world to peasant cabins. She has not the remarkable flair for the niceties of dialect that marks the work of Miss Somerville and "Martin Ross", whose stories, if they were not so amusing, would be more generally recognised as possessing great merit in the sphere of realism. Miss Barlow is an artist, and Charles Kickham was profoundly innocent of art, yet every one of the characters who meander through the interminable pages of "Knocknagow" has a flesh-and-blood existence beside which the figures of the well-educated writer are misty and insubstantial. Miss Barlow can seize an episode well enough, but the Irish peasantry, for all their friendliness and good manners, take very good care not to reveal themselves to the visitor from a larger world. The only educated writers who can get the Irish peasant on to paper are those whose childhood has been spent in the country in Ireland. The best work of Miss Emily Lawless therefore possesses this certainty of characterisation, but, from internal evidence, we should suppose that Miss Barlow, like Maria Edgeworth, had not at her command the countless memories of the many friendships which a child—Protestant, landlord, and all the rest of it, if you will—enjoys with cottagers and dependants. For children the clan life of Ireland is still alive.

But the old delight in imaginative tales has fallen on hard times. Half-education has nearly killed folklore without introducing literature, and Miss Barlow is at her best in showing how the monotony of life in a western village can be stirred by the advent of a travelling library van. Her old schoolmaster, it is true, buys heavy volumes for a penny a stone at a country-house auction; a perfectly possible incident, which should be remembered when enthusiasts talk of a passion for learning in Ireland. But the young people crave for something more amusing.

These sketches and stories make very pleasant reading, and it is a pity that the price of the book will effectually prevent its reaching more than about one in ten thousand of the population of Ireland. There is here nothing controversial to excite the priestly or political boycott, and really some living Irish writer ought to try the experiment of a cheap publication of good fiction. Miss Barlow is not afraid to chronicle incidents of cheating, such as the swindling of an incompetent antiquary, and so we suppose her sketches, if dramatised, would be denounced by part of the Dublin press as a libel on Ireland. It is so odd that the writers who ably represent the worst features in Irish life should be peculiarly touchy about any imaginative work that hints that every Irish peasant is not a saint. Miss Barlow, to judge from her spelling of Gaelic words, is not a Gaelic League member, and so may be suspect to the idealists. She is quite wrong in thinking that O'Connell succeeded in putting down faction fights once for all, and we cannot imagine why she should suppose that a Roman Catholic may not marry his second cousin.

AROUND S. TERESA.

"St. Teresa of Spain." By Helen Hester Colvill. London: Methuen. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

A VERY troublesome book to review—because it ought to be so much more interesting than it is and we ought to be so much more interested than we are. This cannot be S. Teresa's fault, and we do not think it is ours; so perhaps it is Miss Colvill's. Even though so many previous Lives of this great saint have

been published, all the facts and details carefully put together here ought to prove very enjoyable reading. But somehow, although we sat down expectantly to a feast of good things, after solidly eating through course after course, we got up from the banquet with an unsatisfied craving, and with the doleful perception that the otherwise painstaking cook had persistently throughout forgotten to put in the salt. How the author fails it is sometimes difficult to define, but the whole impression left in the mind after reading the book is that S. Teresa herself has been left out, to give place to somewhat unnecessary discursions into contemporary history of her country or her friends. In a picture no background ought so to intervene and protrude itself as to be a detriment rather than a setting-off to the subject itself; but it is precisely that which does occur continuously in Miss Colvill's book. Often, as we are hoping to hear something interesting from S. Teresa's own accounts of her daily life, we are drawn up short and turned into the arid track of the author's reflections as to what S. Teresa might do if alive now in England; or our attention is unnecessarily distracted from the saint by a chapter being interpolated on that well-worn subject the Inquisition; again, a whole chapter on the lives of seven Spanish mystics is suddenly wedged in—contemporaries certainly and friends, more or less, of S. Teresa; but it would have been better merely to refer to them, than so completely to break the thread of the story and jumble the skein of our thoughts by this diversion from one mystic to another.

For, after all, what is wanted in a new account of S. Teresa such as this professes to be can only be a little more of S. Teresa's own sayings and daily life. Everything else has already been written and said about her that can be written or said, and by the most gifted writers and speakers. Miss Colvill's desire, as expressed in her preface, was to draw a sympathetic picture "of a great single woman" for "the advancing woman of to-day" to contemplate (and, *par parenthèse*, we do not applaud the choice of adjectives—so shudderingly suggestive of modern Pankhursts!). Miss Colvill would have succeeded better in her object if she had stuck connectedly throughout her sketch to S. Teresa herself, and given less of the history of other indifferent persons, or made it at any rate subservient to that of the great heroine of the piece, instead of often confusing the reader and throwing him off the track so completely as more than once to reduce him to the frame of mind in which poor Fray Julian of Avila must have been when on one of their many expeditions "the Great Reverend Mother is herself lost for over an hour"!

We wish some more of the amusing, witty letters, referred to, but, alas! not given, were inserted in this book. Her humour is so genuine, spontaneous, genial, as for instance when she writes to her good pious wealthy brother Lorenzo, recently returned from his money-making in Peru, who has been sending her a present of sweetmeats etc.: "I can't help laughing to think that you send me sardines, sweets and money, and I send you a hair-shirt!" Or, again, the delicious quaintness of her reply made "in converse with the Lord" when at Burgos, on her way to found a convent, the floods threaten to drown her and her sobbing nuns: "Teresa was not to be daunted, though her nuns were frightened. When they got to the Pontones and saw nothing but a world of waters and of sky, and knew that the least deviation of the rudder would plunge them in the flood, they made their confessions and sobbed the Credo. 'Eh, my daughters,' said Teresa, 'what better can you wish than to be martyred for the love of the Lord? See now, I will go first, and if I am drowned, then I will suffer you to go back!' But inwardly she sighed and said 'Oh, Lord! when wilt Thou cease to strew our path with obstacles?' And the Lord spake to her and answered 'Murmur not; for thus is it that I treat My friends'. At which Teresa sighed again, and said 'Ah, dear Lord! and that is why Thou hast so few!'"

It is quite perfect, this! Teresa, her courage, her strength of will, her faith, her perfect union of spirit

with her Lord—and through it all her unquenchable humour! We have it all here condensed. Much more of this is what we would have liked the present book to give us, much less of meandering in by-paths. But, as Miss Colvill says, it is "most difficult knowledge", that of knowing "what to leave out"; and we should be ungrateful if to our expressions of disappointment as to what her book has not given us we were not to add our acknowledgment of what it has—a painstaking, minute account of the local colouring, gained by the author in her visits to the various convents of the Carmelites in Spain.

NOVELS.

"The Florentine Frame." By Elizabeth Robins.
London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

There is a considerable lapse in Miss Robins' latest novel from the energy of "The Magnetic North" or the vivid drawing of "Come and Find Me!" Its theme is one very difficult to handle with effect—the affection of a mother and daughter for the same man. Such an accident can rarely be anything but unpleasant, and to treat it without facing all its tragic implications is to miss whatever advantage there might be in touching it at all. Miss Robins treats it with extreme discretion, avoiding almost entirely the tragic stress of it until one of the women has ceased to be. Just in one scene while the two are still alive she paints finely its poignancy for one of them, the other being too blindly convinced of the man's devotion to observe what has come to pass; but that one reticent moment is an indifferent climax for all the building-up of the story, and the moment of permitted drama, when the survivor makes discovery of what has happened, comes too late to compensate for the disappointments we have endured. Written of women by a woman it shows inevitably the woman's point of view, and the man, despite the virility credited to him, comes out as little more than a puppet, a peg on which their affections may be hung, a mere dumb instrument of tragedy. True, he almost declares his affection for the wrong woman, enough at least for her to understand him, but not explicitly enough to require an answer. As a man would have conceived him he would certainly not have stopped at that, neither would he, as he does here, have abandoned all hopes of the woman he loved on the strength of one elusive interview and without having definitely declared himself, or have married her daughter to obtain the luxury of keeping her within reach. True, to another type of man such pusillanimity might have appealed, but Chester Keith is anything but a pusillanimous person, and his intelligence should have been sufficient to have discerned Isabella Roscoe's more than liking for him. The scene is laid in New York, but we are given no clear account of its curious and interesting social entanglement. Mrs. Roscoe's surroundings are more suggestive of a New England coterie, save for the astounding incursion of Minna Butts, with her false hair, false eyelashes, false colour, toy dog and immature husband, who comes like a splash of vermilion into a low-toned landscape. Minna seems indeed to be a confession of failure. She is introduced, as unblushingly as comic lovers in a comedy, merely to produce amusing interludes. Where the other characters are drawn with subtlety and reticence she bursts upon the page like an overdressed caricature. Admitting that she has her exact prototype in life, and that caricature is her distinctive feature, she should have been put through the same process of toning by which the hard actuality of the other characters has been tempered. Her garish loudness kills the atmosphere of every scene into which she intrudes, and even the best desire to be amused by her cannot forgive the intrusion. Miss Robins has before shown a similar indifference to a tone relationship in drawing character, but she has carried it off by the sheer vitality of her tale. The vitality of her latest story is, however, not its distinguishing quality, and the contrast produces in consequence the more destructive effect.

"Robert Emmet." By Stephen Gwynn. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

In Mr. Gwynn's "historical romance" of Robert Emmet there is more historical exactitude than is usual in such narratives. The names of the actors in the abortive rising of 1803, the sequence of events, the details of the conspiracy, are all matters of fact, and probably for that very reason the story is not throughout effective. The perpetual introduction of fresh characters, the constant rush of newcomers, which for us are mere names without personalities, is most bewildering. They may all be real enough to Mr. Gwynn, but he does not give them substance in his book. Robert Emmet, however, himself stands out clearly as a man of heroic mould in character, if not in appearance, enthusiastic, devoted, unselfish, single-minded, of keen intelligence, but too trusting to make a successful conspirator. Not even Mr. Gwynn can deny that he was confiding to the point of folly, nor prevent the impression that he was too much of a visionary, an idealist, to succeed, in spite of his active and practical ingenuity and readiness of resource. His devoted adherents were many of them as unwise as they were unlucky.

"The Severins." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

This is one of the most amusing novels we have seen this year. The Severin family is a collection of the most happy-go-lucky, helpless, and foolishly unconventional women ever collected under one roof. The eldest son of the house, a shrewd and practical man, returns from India to find his shiftless widowed mother drifting into poverty, while his sisters, full of modernity, live their own lives, as the jargon goes, and collect round them an appalling crew of mercenary Bohemians. Michael Severin's own love story is full of charm. With strange fatuity the publishers, on the book's wrapper, observe that "Michael's own love affairs show him that although he criticises and deplores the family temperament, he shares in it himself". The only ground for this statement is the fact that Michael, who has a great respect for convention, discovers that life is more complex than he had supposed. But he never is in danger of developing what some people call an artistic temperament.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"British Year-Book of Agriculture, and Agricultural Who's Who, 1909-1910." London: Vinton. 1909. 5s. net.

In the week of the annual great Cattle Show it is appropriate to call attention to several books which are of particular value to agriculturists. The "British Year-Book of Agriculture" is in its second issue and is a very useful summary of all kinds of official information relating to agriculture. Here are lists of all the societies, institutions, farmers' clubs, chambers of agriculture, etc., within the kingdom. Here also will be found particulars of the breed societies, the agricultural shows, and again a directory of the agricultural colleges and schools, with a brief account of their courses of instruction and staff. An immense amount of detail is included which will often save a good deal of time to anyone with work to do in connexion with the industry; as far we have been able to test it the information has been accurately compiled. The final section of the book, modelled upon the well-known "Who's Who", is perhaps less needed, and the biographies are hardly so engaging as many of those contained in the prototype: probably the vanity is equally there, but an agricultural life is less favourable to its expression and may even still cultivate personal reticence as a virtue.

"Stephens' Book of the Farm." By James Macdonald. 5th Edition. Vol. III. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

Many generations of agricultural students, who in their turn have become teachers or lecturers, have been brought up on Stephens' "Book of the Farm", the original edition of which appeared more than half a century ago. From that time it has been the standard and almost the only generally comprehensive treatise on British Agriculture. Indeed it has too exclusively set the style of teaching, so that the majority of agricultural classes even to-day are given little more than a summary of Stephens' "Book of the Farm". This is harmful in many ways. One is that the "Book of the Farm" was

and has continued to be a Scottish book, written by men familiar with Scottish practice and Scottish stock, ignorant of the agriculture of the South and the many variants that have been there evolved for special purposes. Then Stephens' point of view was essentially descriptive. It was never based on investigation or close examination of whatever accounts were available to show the profit and loss on different methods and operations of farming. In this unvital condition the teaching of agriculture has largely remained. It may be hoped that some of the younger race of instructors now growing up at our new agricultural colleges will investigate for themselves the actual practice of their own districts and make out their financial basis. Only the monetary return justifies this or that method of farming. The present edition has largely been rewritten, the editor has had the assistance of many men who are best qualified to give information about their own special lines of work. This third volume deals exclusively with live stock. It gives an account of breeds and management, and is illustrated by a number of photographs of typical prize-winning animals.

"Botany of To-day." By G. F. Scott-Elliot. London: Seely. 1909. 5s. net.

Mr. Scott-Elliot is a well-known traveller and writer, who has studied plants under many different conditions and climates, and has contributed valuable observations to the advancement of his subject. This book is intended for popular reading, and forms one of a series of discourses for the layman on the movement of ideas in the scientific world. It is very unlike the ordinary botanical text-books, which have disgusted so many people who started on them with a real love of plants; he takes his subject from the standpoint which dictates most of the investigation of to-day, and considers the plant physiologically—as a living creature responsive to its environment and reflecting in various ways its position in the world. The book begins with the lowest forms of plant life, the green algae and bacteria, and so by lichens, fungi, and ferns it passes on to the higher plants with their elaborate mechanisms for reproduction by flowers and seeds. The most valuable parts of the book, containing Mr. Scott-Elliot's own work and experience, deal with the great typical assemblages of plant life that we know as deserts, steppes, forests, salt marshes, &c., and the author discusses with vividness and authority the interplay of natural forces which has given rise to these characteristic associations of plant forms. The book is very much up-to-date, and, as it has a bibliography, might become a most useful guide to the student of the currents of scientific botanical opinion; there are references to such modern and even debatable topics as soil inoculation with the nodule bacteria, Mendelian breeding and Professor Biffen's new wheats, killing weeds by electricity, and such other matters. Indeed, Mr. Scott-Elliot is perhaps a little too anxious about the latest novelty. No man can be quite at home in all the ramifications of a science like botany, and in summaries and short views on matters about which one has only read, mistakes are bound to occur through not knowing the value of the witnesses and from lack of proportion. Thus the book here and there becomes a little journalistic, but this minor defect will not impair its value to the general reader, to whom, as a vivid and extremely well-informed account of the living science of botany work, it may be confidently recommended.

"History and Ethnography of South Africa before 1795." By George McCall Theal. Vol. II. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1909. 7s. 6d.

The second volume of Dr. Theal's revised history describes the foundation of Cape Colony by the Dutch and covers about a century from the landing of Van Riebeck in 1652. It is practically a reprint of half the first and half the second volume of his original "History of South Africa". By the middle of the eighteenth century the African possessions of the Dutch East India Company had a white population of over five thousand, but Dutch rule did not extend very far beyond the Cape peninsula. Delagoa Bay had been occupied for ten years, and then abandoned, like Mauritius. The Dutch had more or less friendly relations with various Hottentot clans, but had little intercourse with the Bantu or Kafirs, except when ships were wrecked on the south-east coast. The Bantu as a rule treated shipwrecked sailors very kindly, and geographical knowledge was advanced more by these accidents than by deliberate exploration. The Bushmen, untamable hunters who preyed on their neighbours' flocks, were hunted like vermin alike by Dutch, Hottentots, and Bantu. The most important event was the introduction of French Protestant settlers at the end of the seventeenth century. The particularist tendencies of the French were vigorously repressed, and their language obliterated in the interests of Afrikaner

(Continued on page 702.)

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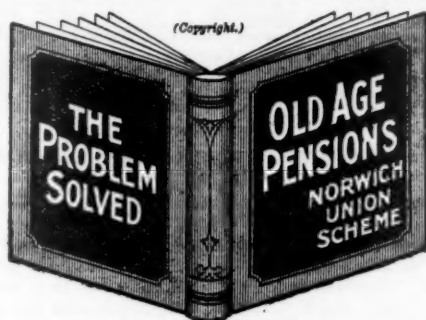
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solidarity. Religious toleration, as regards public worship, was denied not only to Roman Catholics, but to Lutherans and Moravians. All this was, of course, in harmony with the spirit of the times, but the facts lend a certain piquancy to Dr. Theal's commendation of the Dutch for their love of liberty.

"Ten Great and Good Men." By H. M. Butler. London: Arnold. 1909. 6s.

The ten "great and good men" are Burke, Canning, William Wilberforce, John Wesley, Lord Shaftesbury, John Bright, General Gordon, Dr. Arnold, Pitt the younger, and Erskine of Linlathen. As Dr. Butler says in his preface, these are "very unpretentious lectures"; but they have the charm of style which always distinguishes both the spoken and the written words of the Master of Trinity. They were delivered on different occasions to public-school boys or university students, and have without doubt led many who heard them to pursue further the studies they so ably suggest. Though Dr. Butler shows in many instances, especially when dealing with Burke and Canning, that he has a complete mastery of his subject, he is very rarely critical. He interests his hearers by copious quotation. We could have wished in several instances his comments had been less slight and fugitive, though there may be little new left to say on Burke, Canning, Wilberforce, or Wesley. These lectures give Dr. Butler little scope for his great gifts, and indeed they barely allow an opportunity for delivering an equitable judgment between his heroes and their rivals or opponents.

"Charles Dickens and his Friends." By W. Teignmouth Shore. London: Cassell. 1909. 6s. net.

There is something in the nature of wit that makes of it something which cannot be served up in the form of a *réchauffé*. A feast of wit is like a collection of diamonds, each facet catching the light at one particular moment. The light shifts, and every sparkle is lost to give place to another. To serve up a man's witty saying, divorced from its setting and isolated from those other sparks that set it off, should be made a piece of literary high treason. Mr. Teignmouth Shore would then have to be hung, drawn, and quartered many times over. The friends of Charles Dickens numbered among them most of the people worth knowing in his day. In this book we get glimpses of them all, with specimen examples of the wit in which many of them excelled. When the company includes Douglas Jerrold, Walter Savage Landor, Samuel Rogers, and others both greater and smaller than any of these, the result of this collocation of good things should be dazzling and delightful indeed. Yet the book is, if anything, dull. The reason has already been given. A witty saying introduced by a preface has lost all its salt; little remains, and the whole effect is something like a periodic letting-off of small crackers. Still, the book is worth looking at from its very strangeness. A collection of anecdotes and slight sketches of men and women, with nothing in common but their acquaintance with Charles Dickens, forms so irrelevant and motley a piece of book-making that it is worth investigation as a literary curiosity.

"The Return of Louis XVIII." By Gilbert Stenger. Translated by Mrs. Rudolf Stawell. London: Heinemann. 1909. 10s. net.

"How I do hate that man! I hate him worse than cold boiled bacon." Macaulay once said something to this effect, and then proceeded to write a history of his bugbear's doings, not a very impartial history. Partial history, however, does no harm when the personal equation is so easily read and applied as in the case of Macaulay. So here in the case of M. Stenger. Of the Bourbons and restored émigrés he writes in his preface: "They thought of nothing but themselves and of making the most of their happiness and dignity and royal position. . . . Their egoism was glaring and detestable: I have exposed it. Their appetite for power was immense: I have unmasked it". After that no friend of the Bourbons can complain of what follows, especially as this translation of M. Stenger's book is a very readable one. Partial history is generally good to read, and this piece of history forms no exception to the rule. Moreover, for the social side to the events that filled the months from the arrival of Napoleon in Paris in 1813 to the return of Louis XVIII. from Ghent in 1815, this translation will be found of real value to those who want information without having to look for it in a French book.

"Saint Thomas à Becket." By Monsignor Demimuid. Translated by C. W. W. London: Duckworth. 1909.

This is an interesting little book, not because it contains any very fresh or reliable history, but because it presents very forcibly the ultramontane view of Becket the saint. The saint is already there beneath the robe of the Chancellor; and, when the Chancellor has become Primate, no worldly,

almost no human, thing may henceforth touch him. He first breaks with Henry over criminous clerks. We hear nothing of the sheriff's aid. Moreover, his canon law is not found wanting, though we have always understood that the "twice punished" argument was not to be found in Gratian. Then, of course, he never wavered at Clarendon. We are not allowed to have the human interest of that surrender and its retraction. No. Becket, noble and guileless, was circumvented by the cunning of false friends. Well, these views may be supported from the chronicles; but so can almost any other. We lean to a more human interpretation of S. Thomas for two reasons—because it is a more interesting interpretation, and because we believe that one who is altogether a man may also be something of a saint.

"Egypt." By Pierre Loti. Translated by G. A. F. Inman. London: Laurie. 1909. 15s.

Is it possible to translate an atmosphere? It is at any rate difficult, and, unless the translator is quite sure of himself, he would be well advised to leave Loti alone. This particular translation is good; but not quite good enough. It is pleasant to read, and catches some of that glamour which Loti's love of the East enabled him to throw into all his Eastern pictures. If the translation is not quite good enough, that is perhaps because in this enterprise it is not possible to be quite good enough. The translator deserves well of his readers, if only because he has felt the burden of his task. He has not imagined it unnecessary to do more than turn Loti into English. At the same time he has not done very much more. He has got sufficiently near to Loti to enable us to sympathise with the incompleteness of his achievement, instead of blaming him for his rashness in attempting it.

"Christians at Mecca." By Augustus Ralli. London: Heinemann. 1909. 5s.

This book gives an account of the various journeys to Mecca made from time to time by European pilgrims. The pilgrimages cover a period reaching from 1503 to 1894, so that there is some liberty of assortment in the information given (never very great) and in the pictures drawn. The stranger in the East is made at home in this book by some prefatory chapters on Moslem rites and the Great Mosque.

For this Week's Books see page 704.

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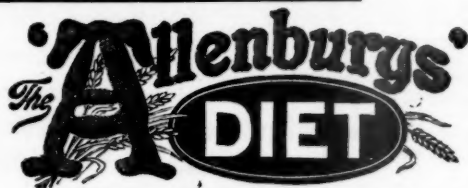


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GENERAL MOTOR CAB.

THE Third Annual General Meeting of the General Motor Cab Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at Salisbury House, E.C., Mr. Davidson Dalsiel (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. R. Gordon) having read the usual notices,

The Chairman said: You will all have received a copy of the balance sheet and profit and loss account, together with the directors' report for the period ended July 31, 1909. I think you will all agree with me that the result is satisfactory. The profit for the year, after deducting directors' fees, general expenses, interest, law charges, advertising, &c., amounts to £225,553 12s. 6d. Out of this there has been set aside £6,550 13s. to a special reserve against rolling-stock (bringing this reserve up to £110,423 8s. 1d.), £7,225 0s. 2d. has been written off for preliminary expenses, £57,169 16s. 8d. has been paid out in dividends (being the fixed dividend of 7 per cent. on the Preferred shares), £9,199 0s. 6d. has been added to general reserve, being 10 per cent. on the net profit after payment of the Preference dividend, and £3,646 17s. 6d. has been set aside for directors' commission, leaving, with the balance of £9,352 13s. 6d. brought forward last year, a total net balance of £92,143 18s. 2d. This we propose to carry forward. When the intentions of the directors in this respect were made known, I was unprepared for the announcement made in several newspapers that the General Motor Cab Company had passed their dividend, and one important journal described it as "a severe blow." It is quite needless for me to point out that we did not pass the dividend, that the Preference shares have received their fixed 7 per cent., and that we have received nothing but commendation from our shareholders for the conservative policy which is outlined in the proposal to carry forward the £92,143 18s. 2d. at our disposal. The year's business of your Company has been entirely satisfactory, and you will realise this more particularly when I tell you that the large profit of £225,553 12s. 6d. has been earned with only a portion of the Company's rolling-stock at work. We have already materially increased the number of cabs working, so that at present we have an average of about 1,850 running, and our receipts since the commencement of the present financial year show a substantial increase over the same period last year. It must be borne in mind that many difficulties present themselves in the establishment of an entirely new business such as this. We are gradually, but surely, approaching the desired end of having all our cabs employed. When this point is reached, we shall, without further capital expenditure, be earning no doubt largely increased revenue, so that we look forward to the future with satisfaction. It is quite possible that in the near future there may be some important developments in the motor-cab industry, not the least of which will be the introduction of the use of solid instead of pneumatic tyres. We are actually making exhaustive experiments with the Amans Pneumo Suspension, which promise well in this direction, and which, if they turn out as satisfactory as we have reason to hope they may, will have such a far-reaching effect upon your general expenditure in this respect that I almost hesitate to go into too much detail. It will be sufficient if I say that your expenditure in pneumatic tyres alone last year amounted to £100,862 17s. 8d., and for the current year, in consequence of the increased number of cabs, will probably reach nearly £200,000.

I should like now to dwell upon our decision to recommend the carrying forward of the balance to the credit of the accounts. We consider that, having regard to the increasing competition, it is a wise policy to strengthen the resources of the Company in every possible way. It was only natural that, having shown the way in motor cabs, we should have imitators. It would seem that a great many people are under the impression that they were especially put into the world to show other people exactly how motor-cab companies ought to be run; but I have already told you, and I am obliged to repeat it, that a motor-cab business can only be run successfully—and by "successfully" I mean as a dividend-earning concern—if it is run upon a large scale. It would be idle, of course, to ignore entirely the wild and totally unreliable stories which are constantly being circulated concerning the affairs of this Company. I would not say they all emanate from the Stock Exchange or the Paris Bourse, but I am bound to say a good many of them find a comfortable home within an area of a mile of these useful institutions. As I have already informed you, our cabs are maintained out of revenue. They are licensed only for one year at a time. At the end of each year they are overhauled and presented at Scotland Yard for re-licensing, and unless they are practically, both as to body and engine, in a condition of first efficiency, the licence is not granted. The statement that we are not running more cabs because the others are either in the repair shops or the scrap heap is a malicious slander. Certain Preference shareholders have raised a point that in the consolidation of the old £1 shares into £4 shares their voting power was reduced proportionately by one-fourth. They have asked us to see whether this cannot be remedied, and I may say that, providing there is nothing in the Trust Deed securing the Debentures to legally prevent this being carried out, we should support such a proposal, and that is being looked into by our solicitors. I have now a personal statement to make on behalf of the directors of the Company, which I feel sure will meet with your hearty approval. When this Company was originally formed, as you are no doubt aware, the Articles of Association provided that each director, in addition to his fixed fee, should receive a commission of 1 per cent. on the profits of the Company, after all standing charges had been made and after the Preference shares had received a dividend of 7 per cent. When the United Motor Cab Company was amalgamated with this Company one of the conditions of the agreement between the two Companies was that the directors of the United Motor Cab Company should also become directors of the General Motor Cab Company. It was also deemed advisable that a managing Committee should be appointed, of which the shareholders did me the honour of electing me chairman, and, so that no additional burden should be thrown upon the Company in consequence of the creation of this Committee, the directors themselves agreed that the 1 per cent. to which they were individually entitled should be cut down to ½ per cent., the remaining ½ per cent. to be specially set aside to remunerate the Managing Committee for their special services. It was thus, at the creation of the managing Committee, that the cost of the managing Committee fell upon the directors themselves. I may say at once that when these arrangements were made the important financial consequences to the Company were not taken into sufficient consideration, and while the directors and the managing Committee have every right, legally and morally, to exact that which is properly their due, they have decided quite voluntarily to make a sweeping reduction in their fees. Under the new arrangement the 1 per cent. which the directors are entitled to by the Articles of Association is reduced permanently to ½ per cent., the managing Committee being paid a fixed remuneration for their services. The principle of interesting directors in the result of the business which they conduct is not an unwise one so long as that interest is not carried beyond the bounds of reason. The persons to which the directors are entitled in this case under the Articles is in their opinion too high. The reduction they have voluntarily made brings the total amount down to a reasonable and, I may say, a modest basis. This voluntary act on their part has reduced the expenses of the Company in the present balance sheet by about £10,000, and with the very possible increase in the Company's profits in the future the saving will automatically become larger. As some of your directors are not seeking re-election to-day, and as legally they would have been fully entitled to claim the full amount due to them, I think you will approve the course they have taken. Let me say in conclusion that my ambition—and it is shared by my colleagues on the Board—is to place this Company upon a financial basis which will earn the commendation of the most exacting advocates of careful administration and, at the same time, prove worthy of an enterprise of such great importance. You have a business in the future of which you may, in my opinion, have full confidence. The motor-cab business has come to stay.

Mr. Mamelovs seconded the adoption of the report, and the motion was carried unanimously.

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